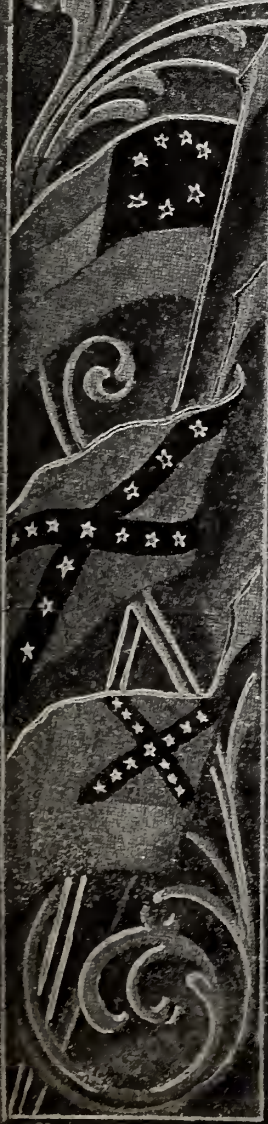


Miss M. L. Robertson, p. 394.

Confederate Veteran.



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NO. 10

R. G. Robertson's last of the line Nov 1, 34



BRIG. GEN. FELIX H. ROBERTSON, OF TEXAS
Last of the Generals of the Confederacy
Born March 9, 1840; Died April 20, 1928
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August G. Schultz, 260 West Louisiana Avenue, Tampa, Fla., would like to hear from any old comrades or friends who can certify to his loyal service to the Confederacy. He is now eighty-four years old and needs a pension. He enlisted from Allenton, Wilcox County, Ala., in Company K, 1st Alabama Regiment, for twelve months. He was honorably discharged in February, 1862, and when the regiment was reorganized, did not reënlist on account of ill health, but was later ordered to Montgomery and detailed to the government bakery there as foreman, and there remained until captured early in April, 1865.

David M. Taylor was one of the "first North Carolina Volunteers," serving as a private soldier from 1861 to the surrender. enlisting from Rutherfordton, N. C. His son, J. G. Taylor, of Bluefield, W. Va., who served with the 641st Aero Squadron, A. E. F., would like to hear from any old comrades or friends who can help to establish his father's record in the Confederate army.

Miss Mary D. Carter, Upperville, Va., has copies of Miss Rutherford's "Scrap Book" which she will be glad to send anyone interested in the cause of truth.

WANTED TO BUY

Confederate Postage Stamps.

Particularly those still on the original envelope. Also U. S. Postage *Used Before 1875*. Look up grandfather's old papers and write me what you have.

A. ZIMMERMAN,
1324 Oldham Avenue, Lexington, Ky.

HISTORIC VILLAGE BURNED.

Fairview, birthplace of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy, was almost wiped out by fire on the night of August 24, the business section being destroyed. The ten-acre Memorial Park and Jefferson Davis Memorial were unharmed. The old Davis home, reproduced in the park, also was safe.

Bucket brigades fought the flames while a call was sent to Hopkinsville, eleven miles away for fire apparatus, but lack of adequate water facilities made the help of the Hopkinsville firemen useless.

GRAY DAYS.

Thank God for the gray days! For the blow o' the winds and the mist—
For the fresh o' the earth and the spring o' the year, and the dewy-sweet flowers, rain-kist.

And O! thank God for the wet o' the skies—for the fall o' the glad, sweet rain—

Drenching the heavens, the earth, and my heart—and making them new again!
—Mary O'Kelley.

Comrade E. K. Murdock, at Livingston, Tenn., writes that he has copies of the *VETERAN* running from 1922 to 1928, which he will be glad to pass on to any comrades who can use them, they to pay the postage. Write to him.

Miss Myrtis Butler, of Liberty, Miss., asks for the words of the old song on the fall of Fort Donelson, and it is hoped that some reader of the *VETERAN* can supply them.

WEST POINT GRADUATES.

A revision of the honor roll of the United States Military Academy at West Point, N. Y., recently reveals that graduates have occupied executive positions in all walks of life—business, professional, and political.

The list includes one President of the United States and three presidential candidates, one President of the Confederate States, four Cabinet members, nineteen State or Territorial governors, twenty-six members of Congress, fifty-three university and college presidents, one hundred and twenty-three presidents of railroads and other corporations, twenty-one bank presidents, one bishop, twenty-one clergymen, forty-two editors of newspapers and magazines, one hundred and ten mayors of cities, one hundred and fifty-one merchants, and forty-seven principals of academies and schools.

GOVERNMENT ECONOMY.

The Budget Bureau giggled and smarted a little over the jab by Al Smith, in his acceptance speech, at what he said were petty economies, "such as eliminating the stripes from mail bags."

Stripe elimination from mail bags saves the government almost two-thirds the annual salary it would pay Smith if he were elected, says the Bureau.

This annual saving is one cent per yard on 3,000,000 yards of canvas used in making the bags, besides a differential in price on the canvas when the bags are scrapped and sold as old material. The total is \$49,000 per annum.

It has been found that there was no reason why the bags should be striped and that striping them added to the cost of the material and detracted from its resale price.—*National Tribune*.

Two soldiers lay beneath their blankets looking up at the stars. Says Jack: "What made you go into the army, Tom?" "Well," replied Tom, "I had no wife, and I loved war, Jack, so I went. What made you go?" "Well, returned Jack, "I had a wife, and I loved peace, Tom, so I went."—*Southern Bivouac*.

MONEY IN OLD LETTERS

Look in that old trunk up in the garret and send me all the old envelopes up to 1880. Do not remove the stamps from the envelopes. You keep the letters. I will pay highest prices.

GEORGE H. HAKES,
290 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

AMERICA.—Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong.—*Stephen Decatur, Toast Given at Norfolk, April, 1816.*

Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

THE SOUTH.

Know'st thou that balmy Southern land,
 By myrtle crowned, by zephyrs fanned,
 Where verdant hills and forest grand
 Smile 'neath an azure dome?
 'Tis there the stars shed softer beams
 As if to bless the woods and streams;
 'Tis there I wander in my dreams,
 Far—far from home.

—Samuel Minturn Peck, Alabama.

A "VETERANS' REUNION."

Reports from Charlotte, N. C., are that the reunion dates have been set for June 4-8, 1929. The date was first set for May, but as the schools close there the last of that month, it was thought best to have the reunion later in order to have the school buildings available in case of bad weather. Then, too, it was thought the later date would insure better weather for the occasion.

Mr. C. O. Kuester, Business Manager of the Charlotte Chamber of Commerce, writes that everything is starting off in fine shape and a splendid meeting is anticipated for 1929. It will be a real "Veterans' Reunion," for "Veterans First" will be the dominating thought in all their preparations. Committees have been appointed and their work outlined. The State legislature will be asked for an appropriation to help finance the undertaking, and the Old North State promises unexcelled entertainment for all who attend.

Charlotte will be a most attractive place for the reunion, and all neighboring towns will join in to insure the success of the meeting.

MEMORIAL TO GENERAL LEE IN OHIO.

Report comes from Mrs. Albert Sidney Porter, President of the Ohio Division, U. D. C., that a bronze tablet in honor of Gen. Robert E. Lee, erected by the Ohio Division, is to be unveiled on October 9, with appropriate ceremonies. The large boulder on which the tablet is placed was found on the farm of Mrs. M. M. Paxon in Preble County, near West Alexandria, and presented to the Division by her. In size it measures some 56 inches square.

The boulder and tablet were placed on the Dixie Highway near Franklin, Ohio, through the Director of State Highways, and the Daughters of the Confederacy of Ohio are very proud that they have been able to place this memorial to General Lee in that State. It takes courage to invade the enemy's camp.

REUNION OF THE TENNESSEE DIVISION, U. C. V.

An unfortunate error was made in announcing that the annual reunion of the Tennessee Division, U. C. V., would be held at Murfreesboro in October, when it should have been Fayetteville. The VETERAN was misinformed as to the place of meeting, but it is hoped that sufficient correction has been made so that no one will fail to get to Fayetteville, where a warm welcome awaits all who attend.

ONE DAY HE WASN'T THERE.

From 2 P.M., the 16th of May, A.D. 1909, to
 Two P.M., the 16th of May, A.D. 1916!
 That was his time at lovely Lillias Lakelet!
 Seven years. No more, no less.
 He was old in years, yet young in body and mind,
 And the weight of his years did not feel heavy.
 For company he had his faithful dog Bob.
 He had plenty of the simple necessities,
 And, moreover, he had books and papers.
 He read, studied, wrote for publications and otherwise.
 He hunted some and fished a little.
 Sometimes he had other company, but more often he was alone.
 Seven years cuts quite a bit into a life;
 But to him, who worried not, the time seemed short
 And very happy and pleasant withal.
 His many years had been the eyes and ears of seeing
 And hearing, O so much of the world!
 At best, Man is a small entity, and he was but a Man.
 They said he didn't improve his time;
 They talked of riches he might have gained.
 The crowds that passed and the crowds that stopped
 Usually found him sitting at his door or on
 The cool shaded shores of lovely Lillias Lakelet.
 They didn't know he worked at night,
 And many thought him lonely.
 But his good thoughts and glorious joys were never absent.
 And, besides, the beauties of nature all around
 And about him were ever-present company.
 He made a few improvements.
 He arranged an *al fresco* sitting room in
 The hazle dell on the little stream
 Above the little bridge,
 And built a summer chalet in a
 Live oak tree near his house.
 Perennial mocking birds were habitats of the
 Groves around Lillias Lakelet and these
 Furnished him music all the year round.
 And he had other music, his violin and bugle;
 But his other music was indifferent
 Except to his own ears.
 Thus for seven years he lived and enjoyed health
 And happiness at lovely and romantic Lillias Lakelet.
But One Day He Wasn't There.
 Ah! Listen! There is no rhythm in this
 Exactly at the moment ending the seventh year
 He went away—he and his dog!
 And the same crowds came and the same
 Crowds went, and found him not!
 Nor evermore afterward! And so then let us sing:
 Two P.M., the 16th of May, A.D. 1909, and
 Two P.M., the 16th of May, A.D. 1916.

As to his after life, possibly others may say something.

[The story of John M. Cox, a veteran of Hampton's Legion, on leaving his little California home where he had lived so close to Nature.]

ERROR.—Col. Oswald Tilghman, of Easton, Md., asks correction of the statement on page 349 of the September VETERAN that Capt. Fred Williams was captain of the Rock City Heavy Artillery. The name should have been Capt. Fred Weller, the error being made in copying the article.

THE LAST GENERAL OFFICER, C. S. A.

The last general officer of the Confederate army passed with the death of Gen. Felix Robertson, on April 20, at his home in Waco, Tex. A Confederate general, and the son of a Confederate general, he held true to the principles for which he had fought, while accepting the result of that fight in good faith, and gave of his best in citizenship in time of peace as he had given his best to the South in her struggle for independence. His life had been a long and active one, and only within the last two years had he succumbed to the ills of age. Born March 9, 1840, he had passed into his eighty-ninth year when the last roll was sounded for him. For many years he commanded the Texas Division, U. C. V., and was made Honorary Commander, U. C. V., in 1927, at the Tampa reunion.

Felix Huston Robertson was born at Washington, Tex., amid the historic grandeur of the first capital of the new republic, and he was a student at Baylor University when Texas was still in its independence, and a cadet at West Point in those days just preceding the War between the States. Against the advice and wishes of the Superintendent, he left West Point in January, 1861, and served as a deputy marshal and captain at the inauguration ceremonies of Jefferson Davis, February 18, 1861.

Joining in with the Confederate forces when war began, Captain Robertson had an active and varied career as a soldier of the Confederacy. From a sketch in the Confederate military history we learn that on March 9, 1861, he was commissioned as a second lieutenant of artillery, and was on duty at Charleston Harbor during the bombardment of Fort Sumter, and that he was commended in the report of the officer commanding the Mount Pleasant Battery. Going then to Pensacola, he was appointed acting adjutant general on the staff of Brigadier General Gladden, with commission of captain, October, 1861. In January, 1862, he became captain of a battery of artillery, and at Shiloh this battery served with the brigade of General Gladden. At Murfreesboro, General Bragg alluded to him as "an able and accomplished officer," and General Polk also complimented him "for vigilance and fearlessness in the discharge of his duties." On July 1, 1863, he was commissioned a major of artillery, and as such he commanded a battery of artillery attached to Longstreet's command in the battle of Chickamauga. Promoted to lieutenant colonel of artillery in January, 1864, he was assigned to command of the artillery of Wheeler's cavalry corps, Army of Tennessee, with which he won additional renown in the Atlanta campaign, and was promoted to brigadier general, commanding a brigade of cavalry. In reporting the Tennessee campaign under Hood, Gen. Felix Robertson is especially mentioned by Gen. Wheeler for his bravery and fidelity. On Sherman's march through Georgia, Robertson was one of Wheeler's ablest lieutenants in harassing the Federals. He was wounded on November 28, 1864, by which he almost lost an arm, and was thus incapacitated for further service, being reported in General Wheeler's last report, in March, 1865, as still disabled. A successful operation, one of the first of its kind, saved him his arm, and at the close of the war, he was recuperating in Southwest Georgia, where his young wife joined him, and together they made the return trip to Texas. He was successful in practicing law in Texas, specializing in land loans, and helped to clear up the chaotic condition in land titles in that State.

General Robertson was twice married, the first time during the war, to Miss Sarah Davis, living near Bellbuckle, Tenn., and four daughters and a son were born to them, of whom is Judge Felix D. Robertson, of Dallas, prominent in State poli-

tics. His second marriage, in 1892, was to Miss Lizzie Dwyer, of Brenham, Tex., who survives him with one son, Jerome B. Robertson, also of Dallas.

General Robertson's father was Gen. Jerome B. Robertson, who commanded Hood's Texas Brigade at the battle of Gettysburg, and a veteran of the war for Texas independence.

Col. Raymond Cay, of Valdosta, Ga., who served with the Liberty Independent Troop, which was the 5th Georgia Cavalry, Anderson-Robertson's Brigade, Wheeler's Corps, has contributed the following in appreciation of his old commander, comrade, and friend of many years:

"General Robertson told me that General Delafield and Colonel Beauregard had persuaded him not to leave West Point, but he wanted to go with his State, and after a time left with other Southern cadets. Stopping a while in New York City, he hurried on to Charleston and was surprised to find Beauregard there ahead of him. He at once joined him enlisting the batteries for the defense of Charleston, and engaged in the attack on Fort Sumter after Lincoln's fleet appeared in the offing. Afterwards he joined Bragg in the Army of Tennessee, and served to the end in the Western army. At Pensacola for months he was training light batteries for Bragg's army. Several of these batteries he later took to General Wheeler, and as his Chief of Artillery, fought them all over Tennessee and all the way down to Atlanta in Johnston's masterly retreat, disputing with General Wheeler and his cavalry every mile of the way with our overwhelming foes in attack or defense. These light batteries moved as quick and as fast as our cavalry could. Robertson and his guns were always there, and you could hear his guns popping from some point of vantage in every fight.

"Go to Chickamauga's bloody field and see the United States iron markers where Robertson commanded Bragg's reserve artillery in those three fearful days. Ride the crest of University Ridge, and see the same iron markers, to tell where his guns stood in that most unfortunate affair, and where he lost eight of his guns.

"Atlanta invested, Wheeler and his men and Robertson's batteries were helping our tired infantry to hold the trenches. Three great raids start behind Atlanta. Wheeler's men had not seen their horses in four days. At last Hood consented for Wheeler to go after them. At midnight, in the pouring rain, we file out of the boggy ditches. Stoneman comes by Roswell and goes down toward Macon; Garrard turns and comes in close behind Atlanta. We strike him first and whip him at Lovejoy. Keeping on after Stoneman, he surrenders near Macon. Our brigade had been riding hard; before day we stop to give our horses four ears of green corn from the bountiful fields.

"Iverson goes to the front and wins the capture. We turn in our tracks. McCook had come around our left and crossed the river at Philpot's Ferry, had burned all the wagons of Hood's corps, and devastated the country. We push him through Newnan and overtake him and crush him ten miles farther on, few of his men escaping. Our brigadier, R. H. Anderson, of Savannah, was wounded here, and General Wheeler gave our brigade to General Robertson.

"In Atlanta, General Hood orders Wheeler to cut Sherman's communications. He rendezvoused at Social Circle for a few days' rest, while shoeing up his horses for the hard ride ahead of him. Robertson's Brigade in Kelly's Division, and Wheeler was on the wing again, every man and horse picked for the expedition. Your jacket, but no greatcoat, one blanket under your saddle, a small piece of oil or gum cloth

to keep your powder dry, and a full cartridge box, many of his men and horses left to go in recuperation camps.

"In four days' and nights' ride without unsaddling, captures Dalton, destroying railroad tracks and burning stores. On into Tennessee, burning bridges and cutting lines. At Mossy Creek, cut off from Wheeler by sudden rise of the river, General Williams, with three brigades, goes east, destroying railroads beyond Knoxville; turning west, crossing the Cumberland we ride at night around Murfreesboro; heavily attacked at daylight, we retreat rapidly, going west on Triune Road, Robertson covering the rear, checking their rapid advance at every point of vantage. Suddenly the 2nd Kentucky (U. S.), intercepting our line of retreat, charged into our rear guard from a side road, and we were all mixed up in hand-to-hand fighting. Robertson, with Major Durant and a few men they had rallied, charged headlong into the fray. He killed the lieutenant colonel of the 2nd with his pistol, and turned their attack into a rout. It was night then, and we had been at it all day long. They let us alone after that.

"General Robertson told me they held a council of war that night, and adopted his plan as to what next to do, so General Williams told him it was up to him to lead the way, and he and Dibrell would follow, so they gave up trying to overtake Wheeler, who crossed the river at Muscle Shoals. He kept going west slowly the next day. With a good guide, he turned south after nightfall, going eight miles, then turning west by a new road, he had crossed the railroad by hard riding before daylight, and he had outwitted his pursuers for a little while, thus throwing them off our track.

"At Bellbuckle, General Robertson took an escort of fifty men, several from the Liberty Troop of the 5th, reached the home of his bride and was married. In the winter of 1862, the army at Tullahoma, he had met and loved the noble girl, who married him in the very breath of war. He never saw her again until after all was lost, lying on a bed of pain in the hospitable home of Judge Hall, I think he told me, at Macon, Ga. She came to him, and in due time, after many hardships, and helped by noble friends in New Orleans on the way, he reached his home in Texas for the first time since he left to complete his graduating year at West Point.

"All the passes in the Cumberlands were heavily guarded. A true guide took us over, but here we had to leave the last of our light batteries, and our only ambulance. Our munition train had disappeared a month before. Still on to the last, Greenville, Jonesboro, Knoxville, again, we went around finally to Bristol and from there hurried to the salt mines, out from Abingdon, Va., where Burbridge was coming with a strong expedition from over the Kentucky mountains. We got there first and whipped him well on Sunday, October 2, 1864. Robertson commanded the right of line, the top of the mountains north of the town. The road and pass were the center and to our left. We lost a lot of our regiment there.

"Generals Duke and Vaughn were there with the last of Morgan's men, also two regiments, Virginia State troops, old men and very young boys. Robertson put Col. Jack Prather, of the 8th Confederate Regiment, of his brigade, to command them. They had never been under fire; their clothing was clean and shirts were white. It was a sad sight to see those tender troops cut all to pieces, old fathers crying over their baby boys, and children weeping over old sires with bald heads and often with long white beards; but we saved the salt works, for a time at least. Every State had large works there.

"We were no longer in the Yankee lines, but back with our own. . . . Robertson was ordered to take the three

brigades to Georgia, so the long march back home began up the French Broad to Asheville and down the mountain to Greenville, across the Sugalo to Athens, and beyond, where General Robertson gave us back to General Anderson, who had recovered from his wounds. Robertson, reporting to General Wheeler, was made Acting Chief of Staff, and he soon went the way of many of Wheeler's staff officers before him. For charging Kilpatrick's cavalry, as he so loved to do, while beating them over their heads with his dull saber, he told me one of them shot off his bridle elbow, and the fighting days of this brave man were done forever."

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S INAUGURAL.

BY CAPT. S. A. ASHE, RALEIGH, N. C.

In the VETERAN, I sought to show the right of the Cotton States to withdraw from the Union. That right was denied by Mr. Lincoln. In his first Inaugural, he said: "A disruption of the Federal Union, heretofore only menaced, is now formidably attempted. I hold that in contemplation of universal law and of the Constitution, the Union of these States is perpetual. Perpetuity is implied, if not expressed, in the fundamental law of all national governments. It is safe to assert that no government proper ever had a provision in its organic law for its own termination. Continue to execute all the express provisions of our national Constitution, and the Union will endure forever, it being impossible to destroy it except by some action not provided for in the instrument itself.

"Again, if the United States be not a government proper, but an association of States, in the nature of contract merely, can it, as a contract, be peaceably unmade by less than all the parties who made it? One party to a contract may violate—*i. e.*, break it, so to speak—but does it not require all to lawfully rescind it?

"Descending from these general principles, we find the proposition that in legal contemplation the Union is perpetual confirmed by the history of the Union itself. *The Union is much older than the Constitution. It was formed, in fact, by the Articles of Association in 1774. It was matured and continued by the Declaration of Independence in 1776. It was further matured, and the faith of all the then thirteen States expressly plighted and engaged that it should be perpetual by the Articles of Confederation in 1778. And, finally, in 1787, one of the declared objects for ordaining and establishing the Constitution was 'to form a more perfect Union.'*

"But if destruction of the Union by one or by a part only of the States be lawfully possible, the Union is less perfect than before the Constitution, having lost the vital element of perpetuity.

"It follows from these views that no State upon its own mere motion can lawfully get out of the Union; that resolves and ordinances to that effect are legally void, and that acts of violence within any State or States against the authority of the United States are insurrectionary or revolutionary, according to circumstances.

"I therefore consider that, in view of the Constitution and the laws, the Union is unbroken, and to the extent of my ability I shall take care, as the Constitution itself expressly enjoins upon me, that the laws of the Union be faithfully executed in all the States."

Mr. Lincoln, like a million of other boys, had but a limited education, and entered on the activities of life under such circumstances that it is said he and his partner had a store with a license to sell liquor. He, however, began to practice law, and made a success of it—in the local courts. He took

a position that the Southern citizen should not be allowed to carry his property into the territory that belonged to the United States, and then announced that the United States could not remain "half free and half slave." These positions led to his nomination by the Anti-Slavery Party, and, the Democratic Party splitting, he was elected President. There was nothing in his education or career that made him familiar with the history of his country. He was not acquainted with the truths of history. Under the circumstances of his life, this deficiency was only natural.

The colonies had ever been entirely separate. Parliament disregarded their rights.

Now, in 1765, there was a continental Congress to which the Colonies sent delegates. The delegates recommended that each Colony should cease commerce with the mother country. That did not unite the British Colonies into an inseparable union as to government.

In 1770, Virginia proposed that the Colonies should agree "to a nonimportation" resolution, and it was agreed to; that did not unite the Colonies into an inseparable union.

In the spring of 1773, Virginia suggested that there should be Committees of Correspondence appointed in each Colony. That was done. In 1774, these Committees of Correspondence suggested a Continental Congress. The Colonies sent delegates to this Congress. The delegates were not authorized to enter into any compact with regard to government, and they did not do that. They personally entered into an association and agreed to recommend certain measures to the several Colonies. That was all, so far as the Colonies were concerned. They recommended that each Colony should enter "into a nonimportation, nonconsumption, nonexportation" similar to the nonexportation of 1770. The delegates now went home and asked their respective Colonies to carry into effect these resolves. Each Colony did that. On that Mr. Lincoln builds the Union. A year later, when the North Carolina Provisional Congress met, August 25, 1775, it "resolved that this Congress do highly approve of the said association and do for *themselves* formally agree and promise to adhere thereto and to *recommend it to their constituents* that they likewise adhere firmly thereto." Here, then, is a personal agreement of the members, but it did not ordain any government.

Ten days later, this Congress had before it a proposition to form a confederacy. This plan had been prepared by Ben Franklin, and a copy was transmitted to the North Carolina Provincial Congress, without any recommendation. On Monday, September 4, 1775, the Congress went into "Committee of the Whole," "The Order of the Day being for taking into consideration a paper proposing a confederation of the United Colonies." The Committee of the Whole reported that "the Committee have taken into consideration the plan of Confederation between the United Colonies, and are of the opinion that the same is not at present eligible." (It was to continue only until Great Britain agreed to the terms desired.)

"And it is also the opinion of the Committee that the delegates for this province ought to be instructed not to consent to any plan of confederation which may be considered in an ensuing Congress until the same shall be laid before and approved by the Provincial Congress."

That ended Franklin's proposition. It was never heard of afterwards. It was not wanted. The people in the several Colonies were seeking their rights as British subjects. They had no thought of separation from the Mother Country. They had no purpose to form a union for government. They had made a united protest against improper treatment, and

each Colony was coöperating in the same measures. Had the Mother Country assented to their demands, these measures would have ceased, and all would have gone on happily as before, each colony separate, distinct, with its own royal governor and all that. No union! And yet Mr. Lincoln ascribes to their coöperating to maintain their rights as British colonies the formation of a perpetual and indissoluble Union of States, and without a scintilla of foundation for that Lincolnesque claim. Up to this time each Colony had only tacitly agreed to coöperate in measures to secure

Mr. Lincoln's suggestion is that of an uninformed politician on the hustings—that the thirteen British Colonies made a perpetual union, which no one ever heard of.

The Colonies were as separate as Canada and Massachusetts, and hoped and expected to remain British Colonies as they had ever been. At that period they had no idea of Statehood, nor of forming a union. Washington's flag was a British ensign with the Washington colors. Two years later the king sent German soldiers to reduce the Colonies to submission. The people were outraged.

In 1776, North Carolina started the ball for independence, directing her delegates to concur in a Declaration of Independence. Virginia and other colonies followed her example. On July 4, all the Colonies, except New York, had authorized their delegates, and the Declaration was adopted. It reads: "We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America." These delegates were acting for their respective Colonies, and so they affixed the names of their respective Colonies, now States. The paper was signed "New Hampshire," "Massachusetts Bay," and so on, the name of each State. The several delegates from each colony affixed their names as "the representations" of their States. However, New York, not having authorized her delegates, they withdrew and did not vote, nor sign the paper on July 4. Later, they were authorized, and they then signed, "New York."

So the Declaration was the act of the colonies, not of the Congress; the joint act of the separate Colonies. Now, no longer British Colonies, they could enter into a confederation. Then the Congress set to work to have these free, independent, and separate States unite themselves into a confederation. This confederation was to go into effect only in a confederation between the States.

The Union then made was to be "perpetual and unalterable" except by the consent of every State; but after six years it was proposed to break it up, and let any nine States form a new union. So, in 1788, nine States formed a new one, in fact, eleven did, leaving two of them out. So much for "the perpetual and unalterable Union." Indeed, when, in June, 1788, New York and Virginia ratified, they each claimed the right to withdraw from it, and nobody objected; and then, in 1789, Rhode Island likewise asserted her rights to withdraw, without objection. So there has never been an indissoluble Union between the States. But Mr. Lincoln, not acquainted with the historical facts, says in his Inaugural that the States could not separate because they had done something as Colonies in 1774, referring to the mere personal association of some gentlemen, not to the action of any colony whatever; and on that erroneous notion he started a great war between the North and the South; but this he was led to do partly because the North had grown rich from the cotton and tobacco industry of the South, and the North did not wish to lose the trade of the South; and because the North-western States would lose the Mississippi River.

The VETERAN has contained many fine sketches of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. There is, how-

ever, a circumstance that I wish to emphasize. The signers were authorized and directed by their respective Colonies to make the Declaration and the Declaration was signed by each Colony, these Representatives doing that according to their instructions, and then signed their own names, as follows:

New Hampshire, John Bartlett, William Whipple, Matthew Thornton, and so on; North Carolina, William Hooper, Joseph Hewes, John Penn, and so on, each Colony being a party, its name being affixed by its authorized representative.

MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.

"She loved the South, its people and its soil, its history and tradition, as only a great heart can love, and gave her long life to their service and honor."

In these few words the spirit of a beautiful life is expressed, a life spent in worthy service for the people of the South, in the education of their children, and in giving to the people themselves the truth of their history. In the passing of Miss Mildred Rutherford, at her home in Athens, Ga., on August 15, the South has lost a strong defender, and countless friends have lost a friend indeed.

Just a month before—July 16—Miss Millie had celebrated her seventy-eighth birthday, a day remembered by friends all over the country, whose cheering messages and gifts made her sick room bright and happy with these evidences of love and appreciation. For a year she had been practically an invalid, with good days and bad, but ever the hope that she would eventually be back at the work to which she gave her heart's devotion. But it was not to be.

"Miss Millie," as she was affectionately known, was a very young girl when the War between the States came on, but she had a vivid recollection of incidents connected with that period, and she could talk most interestingly of the days before and during the war. She had given her lectures in many places over the country, in the North as well as the South, and often appeared in a costume of that period. She was the daughter of Professor William Rutherford, who was long connected with the University of Georgia, and her mother was Laura Battaille Rootes Cobb. She graduated from the Lucy Cobb Institute in 1868, and twelve years later she became connected with that institution, and much of her life work and interest had centered around the school with which she was associated as pupil, principal, and as president, almost through life. She resigned her active work in 1922, but never gave up that vital interest in the welfare of her *Alma Mater*.

An active member of the United Daughters of the Confederacy from its organization, she was known as a leader in the work in the Georgia Division and was honored by high office in Chapter and Division, and had been made Life Historian of that Division. For five years she served as Historian General, U. D. C., and made that office one of the most important in the general organization, by which she was later made Honorary President. She was President of the Ladies' Memorial Association of Athens, Ga., from 1888 to her death, and had been Historian General, C. S. M. A., since 1921; and she was also an officer of the Stone Mountain Confederate Memorial Association. The University of Georgia, with which her father was long connected, some years ago conferred upon her its honorary degree, an honor proudly received.

A true daughter of the old South, the cause of the Confederacy was ever sacred to Miss Rutherford, and she never wavered in love and devotion and reverence for the principles

which had inspired the bravery and sacrifice in the South of the sixties. By word and pen, she sought to correct error and to put the truth of our Southern history before the world. The Confederate soldier held a great place in her heart, and for many years it had been her custom to entertain the members of the Athens Camp at a dinner on April 26, the day observed as Memorial Day in Georgia.

Miss Rutherford was also one of the leading authors of the South, and perhaps was best known by her work on "The South in History and Literature" and her *Scrapbook*, a periodical issued in her last years. Other compositions to her credit were works on "English Authors," "French Authors," "American Authors," the "Bible Question Book," and many others.

Many tributes have been written about this widely-known and beloved woman of the South and one of these has come from Dr. A. W. Littlefield, our "Massachusetts Confederate,"



MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD

who asks the privilege of laying his wreath of appreciation on the bier of one whose life was so interwoven with those days of the South's greatest glory and suffering and which had aroused his admiration and respect.

A NORTHRON'S TRIBUTE TO SOUTHRON LOYALTY AND VALOR*

A warrior has fallen by the way! Not alone one who battles on the blood-stained field receives the plaudits of his fellow beings; but, after the battle has been fought, and its clouds roll away into the recording scroll of history, those who fight for victory in arms, making history, are followed by those who may do valiant service for the verities of history, and high courage and heroism are as much the attributes of the one emprise as the other. The hero struggles; the heroine endures.

So it has been all these years with her who so nobly, faithfully, courageously fought the good fight of faith for the truth of history; that through her pen succeeding generations may know why the gray was donned and the Starry Cross unfurled! Not to disrupt the Union, but to bind it in firmer bonds of sovereign Statehood did the Confederate fathers and mothers give all for patriot love! And "Miss Millie" wove anew the warp and woof of historic truth, not only for the Southland, but the nation also, East and West and North as well.

Her deeds were as heroic and her love as steadfast as could be those of any warrior on the field of battle. Error and falsehood may cast as deadly missiles as hurled javelin or angry ball; so, in the strife of truth with error, the weapons of fidelity to fact, on the one hand, and, on the other, of corroding falsehood, clash and struggle for the mastery. Our beloved warrior never faltered nor wearied in her contest with bitter misrepresentation and partizan hatred. Children, as yet unborn, inheritors of patriotic love, shall rise up and call this heroine of the Southland blessed, as even we to-day cherish her labors in the cause of honest record. Of a truth, she "rests from her labors and her works do follow her"!

One cannot visualize this gentle, faithful soul as a weapon-panoplied warrior charging the serried columns of a foe; yet, how easily and aptly the lines of Matthew Arnold come to mind:

"Charge once more then and be dumb!
Let the victors when they come,
When the forts of folly fall,
Find thy body by the wall!"

Miss Rutherford was one of the three original honorary members of the Boston Chapter, U. D. C. This wreath of sincere appreciation is tenderly laid by another of that group, who prizes many of the writings and treasured words from this fearless Confederate compatriot in the ceaseless labors for that truth of history in the long struggle waged between loyal Statehood and enslaving, centralizing nationality.

Dear friend of a truly patriotic fellowship, "thou wert faithful unto death!" And who shall doubt, especially in the land of sunny homes, that she has received the "crown of life"?

GEORGIANS IN THE CONFEDERATE CONGRESS.

BY MISS LILLIE MARTIN, FORMER ASSISTANT HISTORIAN GEORGIA DIVISION U. D. C., MEMBER OF THE O. C. HORNE CHAPTER, HAWKINSVILLE, GA.

A review of the personnel, character, and pronounced ability of the members of the Confederate Congresses, both

provisional and permanent, brings again to mind the fact that, taking those assemblies for all in all, "we shall not look upon their like again." At no time in the history of the world has such an able body of men been assembled to guide the affairs of a nation.

Shoulder to shoulder with the representatives from other States stood those from Georgia, and the records made by them before, during, and after the War between the States is a glorious heritage, not only to the people of Georgia and the South, but to the entire country and English-speaking people everywhere.

It would be a reflection upon the intelligence of the people of the South to dwell in detail upon the characters and records of these men, but, lest our children forget to appreciate their heritage of the wisdom of their forefathers, it is well to call attention from time to time to the type of men who made the laws for the government of the Confederate States of America through it's short but glorious career. While the fortunes of war were all against the South, General "Bob" Toombs perhaps stated the case correctly, as well as succinctly, when he said: "The Yankees never did whip us; we wore ourselves out whipping them."

Gen. Robert Toombs was, perhaps, the most spectacular figure of those turbid times. Resigning from the United States Senate to cast his fortunes with those of his beloved South, his "secession speech" won for him the sobriquet "Fire-eater," and defined his position in no uncertain terms. After serving in the Provisional Congress, General Toombs declined election as a member of the Permanent Congress and served on the battle field throughout the four years of carnage. So ardent was his defense of his country that, at the close of hostilities, a price was put upon his head and he and Mrs. Toombs were compelled to go to France, where they remained until matters at home became more quiet. He lived to an advanced age, retaining his mental and physical facilities, always the center of a group of admirers who were eager to catch the words of wisdom falling continually from his lips. No romance could be more thrilling than his life.

Benjamin Harvey Hill, known generally as "Ben" Hill, was distinguished for his services in both the United States and Confederate Senate, and his matchless eloquence was a potent factor in governmental affairs.

In the Provisional Congress, besides Bob Toombs and Ben Hill, were Howell Cobb, Francis S. Bartow, Martin J. Crawford, Eugenius A. Nisbet, Augustus R. Wright, Thomas R. Cobb, Augustus H. Kenan, Alexander H. Stephens, Thomas M. Foreman, and Nathan Bass.

Members of the first Permanent Congress were Hines Holt, Louis J. Gartrell, William W. Clark, Robert P. Trippe, David W. Lewis, Hardy Strickland, Charles J. Munnerlyn, Porter Ingram, and Julian Hartridge, the latter also being returned as a member of the second Congress.

Members of the second Congress were William E. Smith, Mark Blandford, Clifford Anderson, John T. Shewmake, Joseph H. Echols, James M. Smith, George N. Lester, Hiram P. Bell, and Warren Aiken.

As they had left their customary avocations to meet their country's need and give it of their best, so, when the Confederacy was dissolved, they repaired to their homes and, in their various pursuits, aided in the rehabilitation of the South. Not one among the number failed in this high endeavor, and their country and their descendants owe much of their present prosperity and happiness to the wisdom and courage of these men.

The history of their lives and times should be studied by

all Southerners. Of such men Longfellow must have thought when he wrote,

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints in the sands of time

A BOY AND HIS FLAG.

The article by Mrs. William Lyne in the *VETERAN* for January, page 10, contained a reference to the first Confederate flag which was raised in Richmond, Va., after the organization of the Confederacy, and that reference has brought forth a statement from Mr. Lewis D. Crenshaw, Jr., still of Richmond, as to the raising of that flag. Mr. Crenshaw was then but a boy of fifteen, filled with that patriotic enthusiasm which sent even younger lads into the ranks. The story of his flag is given in an article in the *Richmond Times Dispatch*, which is here reproduced:

FIRST CONFEDERATE FLAG IN RICHMOND.

In the spring of 1861, before Virginia had seceded from the Union, but when feeling in regard to secession was at a white heat, and the blare of martial music and the tramp of marching feet had already begun to be heard in the imaginations of an excited people, a fifteen-year-old boy put up a Confederate flag in Richmond, thus acquiring the honor of being the first to raise the flag of the Confederacy in the Confederacy's capital.

That boy was Lewis D. Crenshaw, Jr., now an active old gentleman of eighty years, and the spot where he first raised the flag was, oddly enough, on the grounds of the White House of the Confederacy, which was at that time his home. It was later sold by his father to the city to be used as the home of Jefferson Davis.

Mr. Crenshaw has to-day, a tiny, leather-backed diary for the year 1861, in which is recorded in boyish handwriting, the fact that he raised the flag. The brief entry in the diary reads: "Went to school. Came home at half past one o'clock; raised the flag, went down town, and came home with ma in the carriage."

Another entry, three or four days before this, thus describes the making of the flag: "Was at the office until about twelve thirty o'clock. Went home and made a flag. Went to the office after letters for pa."

Mr. Crenshaw says that he made the flag himself with the help of his sisters, out of red and white and blue flannel. He put it up on a pole on the southeast corner of the stable, which, with the carriage house and kitchen, was in the rear of the house, which is now the Confederate Museum.

Unfortunately, Mr. Crenshaw does not know what became of this flag, which to-day would be such an important relic. Soon after he, in his boyish enthusiasm, had hoisted this homemade flag up on its homemade pole, his father sent him, because his health was then very bad, with Samuel Houston Letcher, Governor Letcher's son, on a trip to Rio de Janeiro. The trip down took fifty-two days, and when, after spending four days in Rio, they learned of the secession of Virginia and the outbreak of war, they were forced to spend many long, weary days getting back to Richmond. When they finally arrived, Mr. Crenshaw's father had sold his home to be used as the White House of the Confederacy, and there was no trace of the Confederate flag which to-day would be so historical.

Mr. Crenshaw's account of his journey back to Virginia is a thrilling one, and illustrates the hazards which encountered the traveler during those troublous days. He and his com-

panions, Mr. Letcher and an older gentleman, Samuel B. Paul, arrived in Baltimore the Tuesday before the first battle of Manassas. They stayed there several days. Their host, a man of Southern sympathies, warned them not to come in and out of the house often because his next-door neighbor was what he termed a "Black Republican."

During their stay in Baltimore, the only way they could write home was by utilizing the underground mail, with which the son-in-law of their host was thoroughly familiar. For ten days they stayed rather quietly in Baltimore, and at the end of that time they went to Georgetown, spending a night and a day there in an effort to get a conveyance to the Potomac and a boat across it.

On the particular night they attempted to cross the river, it happened that the man who usually carried passengers across was not available, and his assistant, who professed to know the business, took Mr. Paul and the two boys and put them on an island five miles above Great Falls, instead of across the river on the Virginia side. It was midnight, black as pitch, and by the time they discovered that they were on an island, the man and boat had gone.

They had eaten the lunch with which they started out, so, finding a deserted negro cabin on the island, they went inside and parched some corn which they pulled from the patch near the cabin. They saw at least a half dozen Federal soldiers, who, however, did not come near the cabin. Some workmen across on the Maryland side saw the fire in the cabin, and, coming over to put the Federals across on the Maryland side, for \$10 apiece, in gold, they also put Mr. Crenshaw and his companions on the Virginia shore.

Even then, however, there were difficulties. The first important thing to be done was to get something to eat, but this was not a very easy thing to get. The people of the countryside were suspicious of them, and afraid to give them anything. Finally, however, Mr. Paul found an old lady who, when she was told that the boys were the sons of Governor Letcher and Mr. Crenshaw, of the Hazall-Crenshaw mills, gave them an elaborate dinner, and used her influence to get them a conveyance to Drainsville, a small village of only four or five houses.

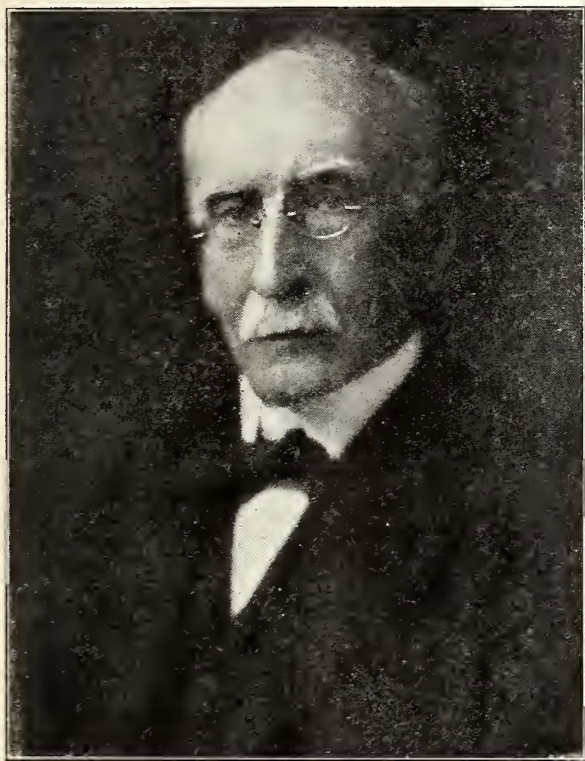
They finally reached General Longstreet's Division, and had dinner with him. He was quite nice to them, but thought it wise to establish their identity, which the members of the 1st Virginia Regiment, camped just across the road from General Longstreet's Division, were able to do, many of them crowding around the boys, slapping them on the back and giving them a real, honest-to-goodness welcome back home.

That night, Mr. Crenshaw and his companions slept in General Beauregard's tent, and the next day took the Virginia Central Railway to Richmond. When he arrived in Richmond no one met him, his family not knowing exactly when he would arrive, and, since he had heard that his old home on Clay Street had been sold, he had no idea where to go. A friend whom he met in the street told him that his family had moved to Mr. Powell's home, at First and Franklin Streets, and so he went there, and the fatted calf was killed for the son who had been absent such a long time.

During the war, Mr. Crenshaw served in the commissary department, under Maj. Phil Wellford. His health was bad and he was never accepted for active duty. However, his duties in connection with shipping flour and meal out to the soldiers in the field from his father's mills were arduous and often dangerous. He remembers that on the night of the evacuation of Richmond, a mob attacked the mill, which was only saved from destruction by the courage and coolness of his father.

GEN. CHARLES B. HOWRY, U. C. V.

Among the losses sustained of late by the United Confederate Veterans is the death of Gen. Charles B. Howry, of Washington, D. C., Past Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia Department, and one of the most distinguished members of the organization. Death came to him on July 19, after a short illness, in his eighty-fifth year.



GEN. CHARLES B. HOWRY.

Charles Howry was born in Oxford, Miss., May 14, 1844, the son of Judge James M. and Narcissa Bowen Howry, and a descendant of Virginia and South Carolina families of Revolutionary stock. His ancestors first came to Pennsylvania and Virginia, and the Bowens had a conspicuous part in the battle of King's Mountain. His father was a distinguished lawyer and jurist and was one of the founders of the University of Mississippi. There the son was educated and later became one of the trustees of the institution. The war came on while he was still at school, which he left, in March, 1862, to enlist as a private in the 29th Mississippi Infantry, Company A. He was promoted to first lieutenant of his company. He took part in the battles of Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Resaca, New Hope Church, Peachtree Creek, Atlanta, Jonesboro, and Franklin, Tenn., where he was severely wounded.

Graduating from the law department of the University of Mississippi, in 1867, he began the practice of law, in which he was eminently successful and was also honored by political preferment, serving in the State legislature, as United States District Attorney, a member of the Democratic National Committee, and in 1893 going to Washington as Assistant Attorney General of the United States, and later receiving the appointment of Associate Justice of the United States Court of Claims, from which he retired in 1915. In the next year he was chairman of the Board of Arbitration to adjust railroad matters, and during the World War he served in

a legal capacity in the Department of Labor, later touring the country for the Victory Loan, giving his services to the government. He was a member of the American Bar Association and of the Mississippi Bar Association and of the State Historical Society. From the University of Mississippi he received an honorary degree in 1896.

Judge Howry was an active member of Camp No. 171, U. C. V., of Washington, and had served as Brigade Commander and as Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia Department four years. He was also a member of the Southern Club of Washington and other social and patriotic organizations. He was married three times, and is survived by his last wife, who was Mrs. Sallie B. Bird, also by two sons and two daughters of previous marriages.

A sincere tribute was paid to this gallant soldier of the Confederacy by Col. E. T. Sykes, Adjutant General of Walthall's Brigade, in his history of that command, in which he said

"There was Charles B. Howry, first lieutenant of Company A, 29th Mississippi Regiment, Walthall's old regiment, now and continuously since the commencement of the second term of Cleveland's administration an Associate Justice, United States Court of Claims, at Washington, D. C., as knightly a soldier as ever drew blade. In the bloody battle of Franklin, Tenn., he was dangerously wounded and had to be taken from the field. I refrain from giving free expression to my admiration for this gallant old comrade. Never a duty involving courage and bold enterprise confronted him that Charles B. Howry did not nobly undertake and gallantly surmount it."

CORSE'S BRIGADE.

BY JOSEPH R. HAW, HAMPTON, VA.

In reading the article by D. B. Easley, of South Boston, Va., who says he was a member of Company H, 14th Virginia Infantry, of Pickett's Division at Gettysburg, I notice a misstatement about Corse's Brigade. He says: "I saw the flag of the 15th Virginia about ten feet to the left of the 14th at the stone fence." In speaking of the small remnant of Pickett's Division who mustered the next day after the fight, he says, "and mustered 2,000 next day," taking no account of the fact that Corse, who was not in the fight, came in that night with about 1,500 men." Both of these statements are incorrect.

I had four older brothers in the 15th Virginia regiment, Company I. Corse's Brigade was formed in November, 1862, and consisted of the 15th, 17th, 30th, 32nd, and 29th Virginia regiments. When General Lee started to Pennsylvania Corse's Brigade was left at Hanover Junction to protect the bridges of the Virginia Central and the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad over the North Anna and South Anna Rivers. They were camped about twenty miles from my old home, and I made two visits to the camp to see my brothers, two of whom were with the regiment; a third brother had lost his arm at Sharpsburg, and was on detached duty.

The brigade was ordered to join General Lee after he had gotten to Pennsylvania, and about July 15 reported to General Lee at Winchester, Va., General Lee having recrossed the Potomac and was near Bunker Hill.

General Corse was ordered to push on and secure the passes of Manassas and Chester Gaps, which he accomplished after some heavy skirmishing, thus affording a safe passage for the army of Eastern Virginia.

(Continued on page 398)

FACTS AND FANCIES.

BY J. A. OSGOOD, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

In his "History of Cavalry," the late Col. George T. Denison relates that Confederate troopers, when assailed by charging mounted Federals, were wont to call, one to another, "Here come those fellows with their swords, boys! Let 'em have it!" The outcome of the ensuing encounters of saber versus six-shooter is too well understood to be repeated here.

It is manifestly impossible to forget that jubilant battle call as one surveys Mr. J. Hergesheimer's foray into Southern annals entitled, "Swords and Roses," of which an initial installment has appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post* of June 30. When a friendly hostile critic runs hopelessly foul of undeniable facts—to say nothing of contradicting himself, as all but the most judicious critics are so prone to do—all that remains is to state the steadfast facts and repeat the chummy critic's own statements.

Setting gently aside Mr. H's historical omissions and commissions—including a picture of the legendary "Battle above the Clouds," unrecorded in the memoirs of U. S. Grant, let us consider how he fares in physical geography. Let us briefly review what he tells his readers about what he calls "The Deep South"—a tempting topic, one reflects, for "The Shallow North." More particularly, let us consider his account of the seasons in Alabama. Mr. H may have visited this State, but it is safe to assume that he does not reside here.

Our author's general ideas of climate, and of its various influence upon humanity at large, must be appreciated in order to perceive his viewpoint as regards the South. He would have us believe that man's mind flourishes only in frigid, frost-bitten regions, where the most arduous exertions are required to prevent the means of living from shriveling to the merest famishing subsistence. From the bitter struggle thus imposed by cruel Nature follows the bitter temper which—he assures us—belongs of right to all intellectual men, and women also, it may be inferred, despite Mr. H's failure to say so explicitly.

These statements are flatly refuted by the historic fact that it is to southern countries that the world owes all its civilization—to China, India, Babylon, Egypt, Greece, Italy, Arabia. It was in Mexico and Peru that the American Indian accomplished most. What, on the other hand, have the Esquimaux or the Patagonians done for art, science, or discovery? It was the south of England, led by London, that founded the English Parliament, and vindicated English liberty against royal aggressions. It was a Southern colony that gave the world the author of the Declaration of Independence.

Getting home to Alabama with Mr. H, we find the gentleman shooting widest of the mark in two statements: (1) "The beauty of Alabama is a somber beauty." (2) "There is no grateful transition from the gloom of her forests to the crushing sunlight of her cotton fields."

From personal experience of a residence in Alabama throughout the past nine years, the writer can testify that to anyone in good health there is nothing "crushing" in the sunlight of her landscape, whether snowy with cotton, silver russet with corn, green with other crops, or piquantly part-colored with a riotous growth of luxuriant weeds. I freely concede that to level any extensive area of such wild vegetation with a grass hook entails, in summer, upon the dripping reaper enough perspiration to ruin shoes, to say nothing of clothing. But this copious perspiration is healthful, and the heat that compels it is neither oppressive nor disagreeable. In Alabama, as elsewhere south of Mason and Dixon's line,

the sun lays upon his children a mighty hand, whose firm but kindly pressure plainly says: "Take your time. For all that is worth doing, I give you glorious, abundant, unfailing daylight. Here, indeed, you may well be diligent. But here is neither place nor time for the feverish flurry of unskillful, botching haste, and the purposeless splutter that defeats its own professed object.

"All hurry is worse than useless. Think
On the adage, 'Tis pace that kills.'

"Look about you and behold how much unhurried Nature accomplishes throughout the sunlit year. Here is the bursting storehouse from which the chilled dwellers in the frost-smitten, frost-bitten, frost-gnawed North break their winter's fast upon the welcome yield of Southern fields and orchards. Consider the driving, whirling rain tempests that I send to call life rampant from the earth till the very weeds tower above man, and challenge him to the battle whose spoils are a yearly round of matchless harvests."

What Marvell sang of the Bermudas gives as true a picture of the South:

"He gives us this eternal Spring
Which here enamels everything;
He hangs in shades the orange bright
Like golden lamps in a green night;
And does in the pomegranate close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows.
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet.'

"Here indeed you may

"'Fear no more the heat o' the sun
Nor the furious winter's rages,'

"'Furious winter' has long ceased to rage against the thousand-mile barrier of the Gulf—the 'Mexican Bay' where my heat is no longer to be feared. Along its coast the skillful builder easily rears dwellings cool in summer, warm in the mild winter. 'Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?' exclaimed the Syrian captain. But in the South—the South of Forrest, and Gordon, and Beauregard, and Lee, Naaman could have seen a second Euphrates in the Tennessee, and a richer Chaldea in the Delta of the Mississippi. Who can deny Yancey's boast: 'Damascus had no keener blades nor sweeter roses than Alabama'? Scorching blasts from the sands of Arabia might wither the blossoms of Damascus; but from Alabama my seven-times heated furnace lies three hundred leagues away, beyond the Father of Waters."

Thus, methinks, would the sun, "rejoicing as a strong man to run a race," reply to Mr. Hergesheimer's complaints about the "crushing sunshine" of the South. Let us further consider his remarks upon, first, the supposed absence of grateful coolness in her summer air, and, second, the presence of what he sees fit to call "somber beauty" in Alabama.

Step from the clear sunlight of any open space in Alabama to the shade of a hedge, tree, or wall. Instantly the temperature seems to fall some thirty degrees, and that cool air is in soothing motion all about you. I have never known this to fail in Alabama; and I have never experienced any such difference in the North, where there is far more need of such relief from the scorching air poured in from the burning plains of Arizona and New Mexico. As for statistics, consult your World Almanac, and note that Detroit and New York, to say nothing of Chicago, Omaha, or St. Paul, have higher

records of summer heat than any point in what Mr. H calls "the deep South." Twice have I seen the mercury pass 100 in the shade on the shores of Lake Erie and Georgian Bay, in 43° and 44° north latitude. But at ten degrees less, sunstrokes and heat prostrations, practically unknown in the South, are all too common in the North. I recall a singular instance of this which occurred in the summer of 1911. A party of excursion travelers, journeying northward to seek relief from summer heat in Georgia or Florida, lost one of their number from fatal heat prostration at Niagara Falls, Ontario, where they found, instead, a temperature of 105° in the shade.

Any old reliable Canadian geography will supply the information that the Province of Quebec is colder in winter, but warmer, or rather, hotter, in summer, than Ontario, which lies southwest. Any summer visitor to Quebec will find the historic city one of the sultriest points on the continent. Lord Roberts, the veteran British general, author of "Forty Years in India," found the summer solstice of Quebec more than he could bear during the tercentenary celebration of 1908. True, Lord Roberts was then an old man, but far from feeble. Only seven years before, he had commanded in person the British forces in South Africa; while his forty years in India had pretty thoroughly inured him to tropical heat. South of Mason and Dixon's line, it is safe to say, he would have enjoyed a different experience that same year.

The following extract from an article by Mr. Peter A. Brannon, entitled "A New Old Road," in the Montgomery Pageant Book of 1926, lightens the darkness of Mr. H's misconceptions of the sultriness of a Southern summer:

"In 1852, a notation of July 3, by a citizen of Wetumpka, says: 'W. L. Yancey passed through from Montgomery to Sylacauga, seventy miles, on the plank road, reached Sylacauga before eleven o'clock, made a speech, took dinner, and returned to Montgomery about sundown, made a speech at night in Montgomery.' No hint of heat prostration or abated vigor here.

Altogether, it must be confessed that, as concerns Alabama's climate, Mr. Hergesheimer does not challenge comparison with Silas Wegg. It is plain that, unlike that observant genius, he did not "take a powerful sight of notice" on this subject. Rather do his expatiations thereon remind one of Mr. Wegg's mapping out of the (to him invisible) interior of the neighboring mansion where dwelt the illustrious occupants whom he saw fit to designate as "Miss Elizabeth, Master George, Aunt Jane, and Uncle Parker." Here, by the by, one is tempted to glance at certain of Mr. H's vagaries in the field of Confederate history and biography. But that's quite another story, or series of anecdotes, and I recur to his significant phrase, "the somber beauty of Alabama."

Mr. Hergesheimer may well know and care little enough about beauty, but he ought to know a good deal about somberness, for somberness is eminently characteristic of his own Hyperborean habitat. North of the Ohio there are six winter months in each rolling, or slipping, year—four months clear from January to March, inclusive, with enough "belongings" in November, December, April, and May to make two more. Whatever daily or weekly variations of the season there may be in the North, this is there an annual certainty. When our author writes that Alabama has no winter whatever—meaning, no winter such as prevails in Montana, Idaho, Ohio, or Maine—he states a fact, and indicates a condition for which Southerners cannot be too

thankful. "We are creatures of the sun, we men and women," wrote Jerome K. Jerome, from foggy England, many years ago. We so remain. But little enough do his darkened creatures see of Old Sol where the Northern winter holds them fettered in his dungeons. For weeks on end an unbroken cloud pall of dullest, changeless gray hangs overhead, until the oppressed dweller beneath is tempted to fear that there is indeed a firmament overhead to which that chill, murky vapor veil is gummed fast forevermore. Somber! Yes. With a somberness worse than the gloom of the Arctic Circle, for here no aurora lends a glory to the bleak skies. When worse winters are made, Siberia will make them," is the consolatory reflection of the many whose yearning thoughts follow their more fortunate fellows in their winter exodus to Florida and California. We are told that Los Angeles is the seaport of Iowa. Small wonder that so many hardy Iowans, at long last emerged from their native drifts and frosts, have decided that it was time for a final change. We have all heard of the darkness that can be cut with a knife. But the somberness, the chill, unrelieved, vaporous gloom overhead where Northern winters prevail and abound can be weighed by the ton. The scales which measure its superincumbent mass are the heads of the countless victims whom it bears down to earth; for it is a safe guess that in the Northern States and Canada more people perish of winter ailments from January to March than in any six of the other months of the year.

"He [Bryant] is very nice reading in summer, but, *inter Nos*, we don't want extra freezing in winter."

Thus, in a burst of forgetful frankness, wrote that loyal son of Massachusetts, James Russell Lowell, in his "Fable for Critics" (*Facts* for Critics would answer Southern purposes better). Note that Mr. Lowell deplored the contingency of extra *freezing*—not mere cold, but *freezing*, in his beloved Boston. He knew as well as any of his fellow townsmen when he had enough, and acknowledged the fact as seldom.

"What is so rare as a day in June"

queried the same rarely ingenuous poet. The answer has long been ready. A pleasant day in April in Mr. Lowell's homeland. For there, April, and the first three weeks of May, are held by winter, though due to spring; and winter, with true New England thrift, delays payment to the uttermost.

Well might Mr. Lowell deprecate "extra (or "extry") "freezing in winter." "The leaves have their time to fall." In the Gulf States, that time extends in leisurely fashion from November to March. The water oaks hold their summer foliage until the buds of the next spring replace it. But the Northern frost falls in October like the ax of the guillotine. Down come the shrivelling leaves in sodden heaps. The trees are shorn of their glory overnight. Then indeed descends the rigid, frigid season.

"Of wailing winds, and naked woods
And meadows brown and sere."

quite unknown to the mild Southern climate.

But "enough, with overmeasure" of this Hyperborean somberness, with which, it seems, Mr. Hergesheimer is so thoroughly imbued that he imagines it everywhere, even in the beauty of Alabama. Let us look with our own eyes and see, in part, at all events, what that beauty is.

A BOY IN THE CONFEDERATE CAVALRY.

(In the *VETERAN* for February appeared a sketch of the late B. F. Nelson, of Minneapolis, Minn., a Kentucky boy who fought under Morgan and Forrest and Wheeler, and after the war went into the Northwest and made a fortune in the lumber business. His experiences as a Confederate soldier were written by his son-in-law, Carl Sager, who was a lieutenant in the 151st Field Artillery during the World War, and who "jotted down these episodes while visiting with Mr. Nelson, who had a wonderful memory of those stirring days. . . . He was a subscriber to the *VETERAN*, and read every word of it in spite of his failing eyesight, whenever it was received.")

One day early in September of 1862, while on my way to Vanceburg, Lewis County, Ky., I met a young man by the name of George Todd, who told me he had heard of a small party of Confederate cavalry near by; and, being filled with the idea of adventure, I proposed to him that we overtake the party and enlist. .

The Confederate cavalry was making a desperate effort to get away from the Union cavalry. We did not know exactly where the Southerners were, so we trotted and walked our horses at a pretty good pace all that day and night in the direction of Hillsboro, Fleming County.

However, finding another party of Confederates recruiting for Morgan's Cavalry, we joined that command a few days later. Our small party, with that of Nathan LaForge's, was organized and united with Company C, of the Second Battalion of Cavalry, commanded by Lieut. Col. Thomas Johnson. We scouted around Hillsboro and Mount Carmel several days, recruiting and organizing. This was the time of the year that Kirby Smith was marching through Kentucky trying to reach Louisville. On account of heavy reinforcements from Ohio, which prevented his taking Louisville, he was returning to Tennessee when the great battle of Perryville was fought. During this battle, our battalion was put into the brigade which was afterwards commanded by Humphrey Marshall.

Immediately after the battle at Perryville, we took up the march for Virginia, going by Big Sandy River, passing through Pikeville and over the Cumberland Mountains at Pound Gap. We entered Southwestern Virginia and Eastern Tennessee along the Holston River, and operated there during the winter of 1862 and 1863, staying in a Methodist camp meeting place, between Bristol and Abingdon, where the commissary headquarters were.

Small raids into Kentucky were occasionally made during this winter. I remember one time we were going through Crank's Gap into Harlan County, Ky., to drive away a group of Home Guards who were bothering us by coming over the mountains into Lee County, Va. We surprised a small squad of them, who fled to the mountains. Captain Williams, of Company A, a man of very little education, but otherwise a good officer, wheeled around on his horse and yelled to us: "Down and atter 'm, boys." Only two men were captured, one of whom died, the other escaping during the night.

In the spring of 1863 we marched back to Eastern Kentucky under the command of Col. Zeke Clay, a West Pointer, of the First Battalion, 2nd Regiment Regular Kentucky Cavalry. We followed to the headwaters of the Big Sandy River to Pikeville, where we encountered the pickets of a big Federal force at Louisa. One of the pickets was killed, and we chased the others by way of Prestonburg and Paintsville into Louisa, halting within a half mile of the town, where the Federal force was many times greater than our own.

Colonel Clay wanted to attack, but the other officers, after

holding a council of war, outvoted him. They thought it inexpedient to expose the men across open fields half a mile wide, with the Federal force on higher ground overlooking this distance, and with the Federal guns pointed so as to sweep the plain. The officers decided to go back to Virginia, so we were called together and rode leisurely in the new direction, expecting not to be followed. Wherever we could get forage and commissary stores, there we intended to strike camp for the night.

The next morning we marched until noon, when we unbridled and fed our horses. Some of us were engaged in a game of poker next to a wooden fence, when a bullet suddenly whizzed through just over our heads, and some one yelled: "Bushwhackers, Yanks." We gave a few volleys in the direction of the gun report, then hurriedly bridled the horses and snatched up our belongings. Colonel Clay was badly wounded in the face, a bullet passing through both cheeks. We decided to leave him as a captive, as he was in bad condition, and the hurried ride would have been too much for him. With the exception of a few slight wounds, there were no casualties. Colonel Clay was taken to prison, and recovered from his wounds, living many years after the war.

We all managed to get away and made for Saltville, Southwestern Virginia, whence we operated in Southwestern Virginia and Eastern Tennessee during the summer of 1863. In September, we were ordered, by forced marches, to Dalton, Ga. We rode our horses day and night and lived on green corn, arriving at Dalton about the 15th of September, and remained until the battle of Chickamauga, in which we did not take a very active part, except to drive in the pickets and bring on the battle.

Morgan being in prison, we served in General Wheeler's command, but directly under General Forrest, who brought on the battle. We then moved to the extreme right to guard our flank from any attack which the Federals might make.

General Forrest was a man of great magnetic power. I remember that he stationed himself, early in the morning, with his staff on horseback at the forks of the road where he could see every unit under him as it went by. As our small outfit of three hundred men, mostly of Morgan's Division, passed the General, he seemed to recognize us at once, for he said: "There go Morgan's men. Braver men never went to battle. Remember, boys, your commander is now in a felon's cell. Let Morgan be your watchword and give the Yankee's hell!"

In talking with other Confederate soldiers, they all remembered General Forrest from just such sayings as this, which he seemed to have ready on critical occasions.

At the close of this battle, all the cavalry which could be spared—about ten thousand men—were placed under General Wheeler. They started up the Tennessee River about twenty miles around Rosecranz's army and crossed the Hiwassee at the little town of Cleveland, where we were divided again. Here General Forrest showed his great military ability by taking a small party to Knoxville to prevent Burnside from coming south, but our brigade remained with Wheeler, crossed the Tennessee River late that night, and marched over Walden's Ridge in the direction of McMinnville during an extremely cold rain.

The river had to be crossed at a ford some miles north above the mouth of the Hiwassee, where there was a battery of artillery and about five hundred Federal soldiers. Wheeler ordered an immediate charge across in order to capture the battery, which we did with very small loss on our side. After sending the prisoners and guns back to Dalton, we took up our march again in a westerly direction for McMinnville, where the Federals had large stores. On the way, we ran across a long

train of wagons and also a railroad train carrying supplies out of McMinnville for Chattanooga, where Rosecranz's army was starving. We destroyed the train, and also the quartermaster and commissary supplies at McMinnville.

Murfreesboro, where the winter before there had been a large force, was now almost deserted. We had marched several days and felt pretty well worn out, so we pitched camp about the middle of the afternoon at Shelbyville, Tenn. The following morning we were suddenly attacked and compelled to retreat. We headed for Muscle Shoals, expecting to cross the Tennessee River at that point, as it was shallow enough in some places to cross without swimming. General Wheeler kept forming lines all day, waiting until the Federals came up at close range, then he would give one volley and fall back, thus making our loss comparatively light, while the enemy's was much heavier. During the afternoon, he formed heavier lines and pressed our artillery into service, which up to that time had not been used. This was a surprise to the Yanks, and by five o'clock they ceased to pursue us.

Wheeler called all of the field officers that he could get together and held a council; all of them decided that we should cross during the night. Wheeler owned a large plantation on the other side of the Shoals and knew the river well. He feared that more men would be lost on the winding Shoals, which were difficult to follow, than would be killed by stray Union bullets in crossing the next morning. During that night, we slept under the open with our saddles for pillows and horse blankets for covering. The enemy withdrew so far that he caught up with us only as the rearguard was crossing, and were able to capture only a few men and two parapet guns. We encamped on Wheeler's plantation adjoining the Shoals, where there was a large supply of corn. There we stayed until December and guarded the river.

We were then ordered back to Southwestern Virginia to guard the salt wells at Saltville and the lead mines at Wytheville, Va. Some who had poor horses went by rail, and the rest of us marched through Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina entering Virginia south of Abingdon. Soon after this, General Morgan made his escape from the Ohio Penitentiary and took command of our forces again at Saltville about May. At one time Wytheville was attacked by a large force of Federal troops commanded by General Averill. After Morgan took command, there was report of a large body of cavalry from West Virginia coming up the Caney River, which was the most favorable route for Federal troops to get to the mines. Morgan took what force he had without any artillery to Wytheville on the double quick, arriving there ahead of General Averill, who, he learned, was twenty miles away. Wytheville was at a gap in the mountains and had an old piece of artillery, which was used for Fourth of July celebrations, besides a small quantity of powder, but no ammunition. He ordered the blacksmith to cut up iron, such as horseshoes, while his men put the one piece of cannon in the small gap in the mountain just before the Federals attempted to go through. They loaded it for the one discharge, expecting it to blow up and kill as many, if not more, Confederates as it did Federals. It made a tremendous noise and so astonished the Yanks that they halted, turned, and retreated, and by the time they ventured back so many men had joined us that we had a strong force and could defend the pass easily. At the time of firing the gun, there were only two hundred of us. The several men captured wanted to know what kind of a gun it was and what kind of ammunition it took to make such an unearthly screeching through the air. We told them that it fired only mule and horseshoes.

After repulsing General Averill and his men at the Gap, we

returned to Saltville, where some of Morgan's scouts, returning from Kentucky, informed him that General Burbridge was in Eastern Kentucky, near Sandy Hook, with a much larger force than ours. Morgan realized that he could not cope with him if he should attack the salt works, and that his only hope was to make forced marches of forty to fifty miles a day back into Central Kentucky, create excitement, dread, and havoc, and thus divert Burbridge's command from attempting to attack the salt works. Consequently, we left Saltville, hurried through Russell and Wise Counties, and crossed the Cumberland Mountains at Pound Gap. We were attacked early in the morning at Mount Sterling, but captured the attackers with no difficulty. We then pushed on to Lexington, which was also taken without any resistance. Some of Morgan's "gorillas" broke into the bank, taking what money they could find. This was the second time his men had raided the bank, and after the first bank raid, the books showed, the following entry, "So much money was extracted by Morgan's men," but after the second raid, the entry was made: "So much money short, due to Morgan's men."

Turning in the direction of Georgetown, we rode on to Cynthiana, arriving there in the early morning. We were ordered to dismount and charge through a wheat field, where a body of Federal troops was in line of battle. The wheat was quite tall and, as we did not care to exhibit ourselves before the encounter, Captain Forgarty and I went somewhat in advance of the rest of the men to a stump, where I saw the lay of the land and the location of the enemy's line awaiting us. I gave them one shot with my Sharpe's rifle and emptied my Colt's revolver, telling Forgarty to look out, as they no doubt had our range. Hardly was it said when two bullets hit his hand; our forces came up and the Federals surrendered. We then hurried to the railroad and put logs and stones on the track to stop the train, which we knew was coming up with fifteen hundred troops, that being three hundred more than we had. As it puffed through a deep cut, the train finally came to a stop and all of the men surrendered without fighting at all. We kept these men in the gulch overnight and arranged for their parole the next day.

Here Morgan received information that Burbridge had returned to Kentucky and was only forty miles away. He decided it was safe to give the men and horses a night's rest, but, next morning at daylight, we were attacked by nearly Burbridge's entire force, which drove us as fast as the troops could move in the direction of Licking River, a mile away. In going this mile, Burbridge's cavalry made a flank movement, arriving at the river a little way from where we were crossing. There was a stone fence about two to three feet high along the bank, which our horses could jump and land in the water. As we crossed, the enemy farther down gave us a heavy enfilade fire, killing many of our horses. To avoid the enfilade fire, we hung over on the side of our horses, using them as shields from the bullets while crossing. My horse was shot through the neck, but succeeded in swimming the river and jumping the bank. Due to the loss of so much blood, he fell to the ground. I had no difficulty in getting another horse, as many of them came out without riders. The one I grabbed had received a bullet through the fleshy part of its neck, but not through a vital spot.

We again returned to Saltville, Va.; soon after which Morgan was advised of a large force of cavalry coming from Central Tennessee to attack the salt works. As soon as getting the information necessary and collecting all the forces he possibly could get together, the remnants of four brigades, we marched through Abingdon and Lebanon, Va., by way of

Bristol, into Tennessee at Greeneville, the home of Vice President Andrew Johnson, early in the evening.

We rested in order to get ready to move on Bull's Gap, the camp of the Federal forces. At this time, General Morgan's command of two thousand men was probably the largest he ever had at any one time during the war. Before dark he visited every outpost to see that there was no place unguarded, but, unfortunately, there must have been one place overlooked which did not have pickets. That evening, a woman left the house where Morgan established his headquarters and rode the ten or fifteen miles to Bull's Gap, piloting back a force of cavalry into Greeneville through the only unprotected place. Morgan, being surprised, attempted to escape through the garden, but the Federal troops shot him several times as he left the house. They threw his body across a horse and took him out of the village to show their comrades. Their Commander Walker ordered that it be returned to his own troops. We did very little fighting after that in the vicinity and returned to Abingdon.

Gen. Basil Duke, brother-in-law of Morgan and his Adjutant General, succeeded to the command. His first work was to look over Morgan's papers, among which he found a list which evidently had been made out a short time before, detailing Lieutenant Stout, his brother Alonzo, Gert Goddard, and myself to go into Kentucky as far as we could and get all information possible and to return as soon as possible thereafter. The General called us to headquarters, read Morgan's paper, and rather advised against our going, but Lieutenant Stout said it was probably one of Morgan's last wishes, and he wanted to carry it out. So Basil Duke consented, and we went by Pound's Gap, through Morgan and Flemingsburg into Lewis County, where the scouts and I lived. We obtained a considerable amount of valuable information which we did not dare write down, but we intended, when out of enemy territory, to make up our report from memory.

There were good horses in that region and each decided to pick out a fresh one before starting back. So, on the night of our departure, each of us mounted a good horse and rode all night and the next day. Taking for granted that all danger was over, we stopped, fed, and rested, little aware of the proximity of a notorious family of robbers by the name of Underwood, who claimed to be Federals or Confederates whichever was the most convenient for their purpose. About twenty-five or thirty of them surrounded us and took us to Flemingsburg and then to the jail at Maysville for the night. The next day, we were put on a boat and taken to Covington, Ky., thence by rail to Lexington, where we were confined six weeks. At this time General Burbridge was capturing men, sending them to jail, from where they were often taken out and stood up against the wall in front of the firing squad. Three of our party were condemned, one who was a Mason escaped, and the other two were executed a short time after we were captured. One officer after another asked us how long we had been in the service, where we enlisted, whom we fought under, and many other questions, which were complicated and difficult to answer straight. But we had all agreed beforehand to this one story, that we were going home to see our folks. After being cross-examined by so many officers, we took for granted that prison life was to be our lot, but, instead, fifteen of our names were called, ten of whom were executed at daylight. In ten days' time, the same performance was repeated and continued until more than thirty men were taken out and shot. Then, to our great relief, we were sent to Camp Douglas, Chicago, in December, 1864, there remaining until the following March. After six weeks

of confinement, it was finally decided that we were prisoners of war rather than guerrillas.

The afternoon of March 20, 1865, found us in day coaches headed for Baltimore, Md. Somewhere between Chicago and Fort Wayne, our train collided with another. The sudden stopping threw all of us to the front of the coach. As I was sitting in the rear, naturally I found myself on top, causing much joshing on the part of the other boys, who claimed that whatever escapade Nelson was in, he always came out on top. Only a few broken arms, legs, and seats was the sum total of damage done. The coach, luckily for us, was no longer fit to ride the tracks, so we were changed to much more comfortable, straw-bedded cattle cars, plenty large enough to lie down in and stretch our legs.

It was nearly a three-days' trip before we reached Baltimore, and we had nothing to eat. When we arrived, they brought us a barrel of salt pork, which we ate with crackers. We were then transferred to a boat and taken down the bay to the James River. At the mouth of the James River, we were transferred to a small boat and turned over to the Confederate forces, who took us to Richmond. There I remained a few days, satisfying myself that the war was over. I secured a ticket to Abingdon, where my old comrades were stationed just outside of the village. I had been given a parole, but no license to bear arms. The boys seemed to be courageous in spite of their blues. I told them that we were licked, and they said: "O, you have been North and heard the Yankees talk." I said: "No, boys; Lee must evacuate Richmond. Sherman is in North Carolina." This was on April 5. Two days before Lee had marched out of Richmond, but, due to the wires being cut, we did not get the information at Abingdon until some days later. Our command, which now had no right to take up arms, marched into North Carolina; a few of us tramped down through the mountains of Kentucky, dodging bushwhackers the best we could, and surrendered at Mount Sterling, Ky., April 20.

I worked on the farm until August, and then in a sawmill, until I had earned enough money for a new suit of clothes. Then I took the river boat War Eagle at Cincinnati, for the West, and landed in St. Paul fourteen days later, September 3, 1865. St. Paul did not appeal to me, so I boarded the train and in a half hour, with a dollar in my pocket, a small knapsack in my hand, I landed at St. Anthony and started to look for work, which was very scarce. It was impossible to find anything for the first few days. I did not dare to tell my landlady that I had nothing to do for fear that I would be without room and board. Finally, I followed the river up to Fridley, where I hired out to mow hay for a dollar a day and board. After the haying, I returned to the hotel, where I found a man who was short of men, and left with him for rafting lumber, where I worked for \$2.00 a day and boarded myself. This gave me work, wading in the water until late in October, when I went out into the big woods to stake a claim near Waverly.

SUNDOWN.

Hills, wrapped in gray, standing along the west;
Clouds, dimly lighted gathering slowly;
The star of peace at watch above the crest—
O, holy, holy, holy!

We know, O Lord, so little what is best;
Wingless, we move so lowly;
But in thy calm all-knowledge let us rest—
O, holy, holy, holy! —John Charles McNeill.

MISSOURI TROOPS IN THE VICKSBURG CAMPAIGN.

BY JAMES E. PAYNE, DALLAS, TEX., COMPANY A, 6TH MISSOURI INFANTRY.

Could General Grant have followed up his success after the fight at Big Black River with the same promptitude that characterized his movements after the battle of Champion's Hill, he could have taken Vicksburg and its battered garrison on the 18th of May instead of the 4th of July.

When Pemberton retired behind his defenses, he had only four divisions. Two of these, Bowen's and Stevenson's, had suffered heavily at Champion's Hill, Bowen had sustained additional losses at Black River, including practically all of his artillery, and Vaughn's Brigade, of Smith's Division, had lost in morale and had little fight left in it. This left only two unimpaired divisions for defense, those of Generals Forney and Stephen D. Lee.

I reached Vicksburg several hours in advance of the army and was alert for news and curious as to methods and facilities of defense. The outlook from the Jackson Road where it crossed the line of intrenchments was not encouraging. Much of the defense line was composed of illy-constructed and incomplete rifle pits.

To the left of the road was a salient protected by earthworks and embrasures for cannon. This was known as Fort Hill, but had no armament. The western slope of this dropped down into a hollow, guarded only by a rude fence, with grapevine and briar entanglements. Beyond this were rifle pits, two gun lunettes, earthworks, stockades, and more works on to where the bluffs overlooked the river. It was along this sector where the heaviest fighting occurred.

To the right of the Jackson Road, round to the Warrenton Road, the character of the defenses was about the same, perhaps not as effective.

I found the streets of Vicksburg thronged with stragglers, and several hundred slightly wounded men seeking food and hospitalization. There were no sentries, no order. Along in the early afternoon the army came drifting in, footsore, tired, hungry, and dispirited. Grant's advance reached the hills beyond the Confederate works during the night, but he had already had a "look-see" at part of our defenses.

Grant had ridden alone to a point where the Illinois monument now stands, and, leveling his field glass, surveyed the field before him. I saw his form silhouetted against the evening sky as he sat on his horse, but had no idea it was he.

As rapidly as possible order was brought out of chaos, stragglers directed to their companies, companies to regiments, and disorder gave way to discipline.

The main attack, it was anticipated, would be made against the sector from the Jackson Road to the extreme left, where the upper batteries commanding the river were located. Smith's Division was assigned to that part of said sector. Forney's Division to that part lying between the wagon road and railroad. To Generals Stevenson and Lee were assigned the line from the railway to the Warrenton Road. Bowen's Missouri Division was held in reserve.

Thus positioned, the Confederates awaited the enemy assault. Nor had they long to wait.

May 19 dawned with clear skies and gentle winds. During the night an occasional shot from listening sentinel was heard, but that was all of hostile demonstration, and even breakfast was eaten in peace; the boys in blue luxuriating on ham fat, hard-tack, and coffee, he of the tattered gray making out as best he could on sweet potatoes, cow peas, and corn dodger.

About nine o'clock a burst of artillery announced the opening of the ball. For an hour or more Federal batteries pounded our works, and were answered by such guns as we had in position. Then came the infantry. Advancing in serried lines opposite Smith's Division, Stars and Stripes and jaunty State flags fluttering over them, came wave after wave of blue-clad men, bright of eye, firm of jaw, and every onward step expressing determination.

Just as resolute, the men in gray, kneeling in rifle pit or standing behind stockade walls, awaited the command to fire. Scarcely a hundred yards intervened between the assaulting lines and their goal when the ominous word was given. Seven thousand rifles spoke simultaneously, and seven thousand leaden messengers of death sped in search of victims.

Those blue waves received the impact and shook from wing to wing, then, recovering, closed up, filled the vacant places made by numerous casualties, and pressed on. The opening volley from Smith's gray coats was followed by "firing at will," and a steady roll of rifle fire was kept up all along his front.

The blue lines began to thin out, to stagger and reel, and their commander, realizing that the assault had failed, ordered the recall. One more try, involving Forney's and Lee's Divisions, was also made, and finding the Confederate lines intact at every point, Grant saw that greater preparation than had been made must be consummated before Vicksburg's defenses could be carried by assault.

The next two days were consumed in preparing for the desperate struggle that was to be made. Additional regiments were brought up. More and heavier artillery emplaced. Where possible, forces were advanced in order to economize on distance to be negotiated in order to make goal.

The morning of May 22, to be made memorable for many years to come, was a glorious one. Alas! that so many brave men were to drink its wine in its freshness and by night lie stark and stiff while the silent stars looked down, and the sighing pines sang requiem! Reveille, sounded by the bugle's clarion call, screaming fife, and rattling drum first broke the stillness, followed by the usual sounds of the camp. Then stillness again.

There was pent-up expectancy in the trenches and where soldiers, held in reserve, awaited the anticipated attack. General Grant, with watch in hand, waited till the hands pointed nine o'clock. Up went his hand. A cannoneer, watching, saw the gesture and pulled his lanyard.

We heard the shot, heard the weird shriek of the iron messenger, and beheld high overhead the whitening cloudlet of a bursting shell. Then pandemonium broke loose. Every Federal battery from river bluff to the Warrenton Road, answering that signal, had gone into instant action.

The fleet of gunboats had moved down to point-blank range and added their voice. Perhaps in no battle ever fought on American soil had such a cannonade been directed. Our regiment, the 6th Missouri, C. S. A., lying behind a sharp spur of a hill, could plainly feel the impact of every shell or solid shot that buried deep in the yielding soil.

The hill trembled as if shaken by an earthquake. The effect on the men was as a rocking cradle to a sleepy babe, and when a messenger reported to Colonel Erwin that our line up in the trenches was in danger of breaking and needed support, in calling the regiment into line he found all but half a dozen or so soundly sleeping. But a few of us were awake, and we were soon rushing toward the firing line.

Many enemy shells passed high overhead to empty tons of fragment and shrapnel where our reserves were crouching,

but the majority were so searching and close that many breaches were made in embankments, and stockades were shattered to splinters. Then again, long lines of men in blue, as if rising out of Mother Earth, emerged from concealment and sprang forward to grapple again with an enemy whose mettle they had learned to respect.

One, two, three—some said they counted as many as six lines in that magnificent battle array of magnificent men. Field glass in hand, Grant, Sherman, McPherson, McClelland, and Logan watched as those men, perfect in alignment and steady of step, forged forward. Behind their battered defense the men of the South kept vigil, and, with firm determination to yield no ground, awaited the oncoming enemy.

Closer and closer these came, first at the quick step, then in a run, bayonets at charge. Again the men in gray held their fire until at point blank they could make it the more effective. Then, as one man, they drove home their volley, then settled to firing as rapidly as they could. The first line of blue as it received this deadly shock staggered, recovered, pushed on, then halted. The second line closed up, passed the first only to be in turn compelled to retire with shattered ranks and decimated numbers. The third line fared no better, and all were recalled for reorganization.

But Grant had other regiments of tried and true men, and these were sent in. The tragedy of the first attack was repeated, and the commanders saw their devoted soldiers go down by tens, by fifteens, by hundreds. But this attack had nearly broken through, and but for prompt arrival of one of Bowen's regiments, the 4th Missouri, C. S. A., which came just in time to hurl back the enemy just as it was planting its battle flag upon a Confederate parapet, would have gone over.

This near success encountered another assault, for, according to the ethics of war, when the enemy is forced to call out his reserves, exhaustion threatens. So once more across a field already strewn with dead and dying men, swarm in regiments, brigades, divisions, and army corps, and hurl themselves against the still resisting and determined Confederates, who, flushed by their former successes, are still more defiant and resolute.

Reeling from the deadly storm of leaden hail that rent and crushed these indomitable men from Illinois, Iowa, Indiana, Michigan, and Wisconsin, the very flower of American manhood sullenly gave back and sought refuge behind concealing hill and ridge. The grand assault had failed.

A band at Smith's headquarters struck up the tune of "Dixie," and this was taken up by a score of other bands, and the welkin fairly rang with the inspiring notes. Then the cheers of the soldiers followed, ringing loud and triumphant from flank to flank, from river bluff to Warrenton Road.

General Grant ordered no more assaults. Vicksburg could only be taken by gradual approaches, so pick and spade replaced sword and rifle. But the artillery was kept fairly active and hundreds of sharpshooters ever alert. Several officers and many men were killed by their unerring aim.

The weather was dry and warm. Out in front lay the dead bodies of several thousand men. The stench from these became so sickening that General Pemberton sent a flag of truce to Grant requesting an armistice, that the dead might be buried, which was granted, and for three hours blue and gray mingled freely, not as friends exactly, but as foemen worthy of each other's steel.

Then came the siege—came those weary days and desolating, nerve-strangling nights, death ever stalking even the hiding places of men held in reserve. Death became so com-

mon from the whimpering Minie balls which Grant's sharpshooters kept sending our way as grim reminders that Grant was still there, by the frequent explosion of shells, scattering their death-dealing fragments all about us, that at sound of taps comrade bade comrade good-by, unknowing whether they would meet on the morrow or one or both be borne to the long trench of eternal repose.

From day to day the encircling armament was strengthened, from day to day the approaches were moved up closer. Seven barges, each one carrying a twenty-six-inch mortar, were anchored beyond the range of our river batteries. At night these would open up and hurl their great spheres of iron over the devoted city. The flame of their burning fuses could be seen as they circled high overhead, falling and bursting, hurling their growling, snarling, whining fragments over houses, streets, and vacant places, filling all with dread and apprehension.

The question of rationing garrison and city's population became a serious one. When the siege began there was little flour or bacon; even corn meal and sweet potatoes, the army's two principal stand-bys, were of limited supply. But there were large stores of lard and cow peas. An experiment of mixing ground peas with corn meal developed dysentery, so was abandoned. All bacon and flour was sent to the hospitals, whose aggregation of inmates daily increased. This left for the soldiers in the trenches only closely economized rations of hog's lard and cow peas, upon which they ungrudgingly subsisted, but put on no fat.

One morning a sentinel reported having heard a ticking which seemed to be underground. It then was revealed that Federal sappers were either trying to cut a passage under our defense work, or preparing to plant mines with the purpose to blow them up. On June 25, a small mine was exploded in Forney's front with little damage.

At the salient known as Fort Hill more vigorous work was being carried on. The 6th Missouri with 3d Louisiana, in support, was ordered there. On the afternoon of the 27th, while Lieutenant Burr, of Company A, 6th Missouri, was directing a detail to construct a traverse across the front of the work, he was approached by Lieutenant Crenshaw, of Company F, and asked to sign a requisition for revolvers for the officers. All at once an ominous silence brooded, and Crenshaw, noting, said:

"Burr, I wouldn't be surprised if this whole hill is blown to hell in less than ten minutes." Prophetic words! In the same instant came the catastrophe, Burr and his men were blown thirty feet in air, mostly all killed, and some bodies, including Crenshaw's, never recovered. Burr escaped with a badly-burned body. The crater left by the explosion was both wide and deep. A passage had been cut by the enemy for an assaulting column, which moved at once into the breach.

That morning, Colonel Erwin, against the advice of his physicians, had returned to the front and resumed command of his regiment. As soon as the debris of the upheaval had settled, he rushed his men to the rim of the crater, where they met the enemy as they were scrambling for the same goal. For fully an hour a furious struggle ensued for mastery.

Grant had massed twenty-seven hundred picked men to carry on this assault, and beating them back was no easy work. As they did not dare expose their bodies, they would lift the muzzles of their guns over the rim, depress them, fire, then recover to reload. To stop this, the Confederates began hurling a shower of fine earth over on them. This, falling into the muzzles of enemy rifles would close the vents and render the gun useless. Great quantities of hand grenades were

brought up and hurled over, and many, failing to explode, were thrown back.

The assault having failed, the assailants were called off. To know what new move to expect, Colonel Erwin crawled to the crest of the rim and looked over. Ere his body was erect, five Minie balls penetrated his breast and he fell back into the arms of Nathan Lipscomb, dead. Of all the blows that the 6th Missouri had suffered, this was the worst.

Pemberton concluded to risk no more breaches of his line, for he knew the next attack would come over, so proposed a parley which resulted in surrender of post and army. By the terms of surrender, the Confederates were to stack their arms, be paroled, and march out of Vicksburg in a body. As a mark of honor, the 6th Missouri, reduced to one hundred and twenty-six men, was assigned the head of the column, and Company A's eleven survivors headed that.

Colonel Erwin's wife and two little daughters had been banished from their home at Independence, Mo., and had lately come into our lines. Before retiring into Vicksburg, Colonel Erwin had intrusted to his wife our regimental flag, that she might sew on it a prepared record of the regiment's action at the battle of Corinth. The flag was still in her possession when Vicksburg was surrendered. Mrs. Erwin, widowed, without money, in delicate health, and among strangers, had a valuable friend in Lieut. Erwin A. Hickman, also from Independence. Aware of her sad plight, he undertook to befriend her. On his way to seek an interview with General Grant he ran across Col. Rob Fletcher, commanding a regiment of Federal Missourians and afterwards governor of Missouri. Securing Fletcher's interest, he easily obtained an audience with the great commander. Grant listened quietly to Hickman's story.

"Where does Mrs. Erwin wish to be sent?" he asked.

"To her late husband's relatives at Lexington, Ky.," was Hickman's answer.

Turning to Colonel Rawlings, his Adjutant, Grant instructed him to furnish Mrs. Erwin and two daughters transportation to Lexington and detail a guard of honor for her safe conduct.

"Has Mrs. Erwin any money?" he asked of Hickman.

"She has only a small amount of Confederate money," was the response.

"Then," handing Hickman a \$50 greenback, "give her this with my compliments," said he. And there was Grant, the grand man. Mrs. Erwin, not knowing what better to do with the flag, took it to Lexington, and it is there to-day.

LETTERS FROM AN EXILE, 1865.

CONTRIBUTED BY PHILIP AUCHAMPAUGH, PH.D., STATE TEACHERS' COLLEGE, MINNESOTA.

The two letters following indicate by their tone and spirit a friendship which survived the shock of the sectional conflict of the sixties. Jeremiah Sullivan Black, it will be remembered, was President Buchanan's Attorney General until December, 1860, when he was made his Secretary of State. Jacob Thompson was Secretary of the Interior. When Thompson resigned in 1861, because of his disapproval of the sailing of the *Star of the West*, Black remained. Both then and later he defended the character of Thompson, wrongfully accused of the abstraction of some bonds from a safe in his department.

In a few months came the war. For three years each section poured forth its blood and lavished its resources without stint in a desperate and internecine struggle. Many people of both sections feared that despotism alone would profit by

the long-continued conflict. Of that group was Jeremiah Black. With the knowledge, if not with the authority, of Secretary of War Stanton, a former colleague in the Cabinet of Buchanan, and since styled by his admirers, "The Autocrat of the Rebellion," Black went to Canada, where he met Thompson and the other Confederate commissioners. But the time of the end was not yet, and in spite of mutual suggestions for the cessation of hostilities, nothing was accomplished. Davis still hoped for Southern independence, and Stanton would not consent to any armistice with "rebels."

Later the war did cease. Judge Advocate General Holt, whom Thompson had once recommended to Buchanan for Postmaster General, now sought to "frame" Thompson for complicity in the assassination of Lincoln. Time has dispelled all this, but in those days feeling ran high. Hence, with good reason, Thompson went to Europe. After leaving Canada he wrote Black the two letters given below, which are among the Black papers in the Library of Congress.

The first of these letters is dated

"HALIFAX, N. S., July 6, 1865.

"Hon. J. A. Black.

"My Dear Sir: I see that Mr. O'Connor, of New York, has tendered his professional services for the defense of President Jefferson Davis. I am rejoiced at this. Now, dear sir, I want you to join him in this defense. Fix your fee for services at whatever standard you may think is right, and I will see that it is paid. His trial will be historical and one of the most important and conspicuous which has ever taken place. You, I know, are able to make your mark and thus become one of the chief figures in this great tragic picture. My theory is the Jeffersonian one: Under our Constitution, Jefferson Davis is no traitor. He sought the overthrow of no government. In obedience to the wishes of organized sovereignties, he endeavored to maintain vested and prescriptive right. But you must appear in this trial; you must give your time to preparing the case, and if you can, communicate with your client in gathering testimony. You will be at expense and trouble in doing this, but I pledge you my faith that it all shall be made good to you. Communicate with Mr. O'Connor and give to the case your time and your best energies.

"Write me at Paris, France, and put your letter under cover to Messrs. Glyn Mills, Currie & Co., Bankers, London.

"Now a word for myself. The vindictiveness of our old colleagues at Washington knows no bounds. Holt and Stanton knew as well as I did that to connect my name with the assassination of Lincoln was an outrage. The absurdity of supposing that I took such men as they examined as witnesses into my confidence was apparent to them. They could not have supposed that I had become demented, that I had lost all honor and flippantly discussed the gravest of crimes with every man who casually fell into my room. Now their venom would have cropped out more clearly if they had offered \$25,000 for my capture, dead or alive. This would put the assassins on my track and secured their end. Now I am proscribed. I have no home or country, and I seek only to get where I may escape the persecutions of the unprincipled. Before I left home, I disposed of my entire large estate; what was available I brought with me. I will have enough for my wife and me. She is with me and would be most kindly remembered to you, Mrs. B., and Mrs. S.

"Be sure to write me under cover to Messrs. Glyn Mills, Currie & Co., Bankers, London, England.

"Yours,

J. THOMPSON."

"PARIS, September 2, 1865.

"To Hon. J. S. Black.

"My Dear Sir: I received your letter sent to the care of Glyn Mills & Company, in this city. I was glad to hear from you and have been waiting with the hope of receiving another letter after your consultation in New York. I am very glad to find you willing to enter upon the defense of that great and good man, Jefferson Davis. Posterity will yet do him justice, and the true friends of constitutional liberty will yet embalm his memory. The United States now is an absolute government, no longer relying upon the good will of the people for its strength and support, but upon the bayonet and force. I am a proscript. My presence in my own native land is considered dangerous to the peace and safety of the United States. The authorities at Washington know I am no violator of the law, but they know also that I have struggled by all honorable means to maintain and uphold the institutions of the fathers as they have been delivered to us. But I take my fortune without a murmur. It is true I cannot but love my native land, and I most keenly feel her debasement. But I should accept her fortunes and make the most of it were I not pursued. I would submit with good faith to the revolution which makes the Washington government an absolutism.

"But I did not take up my pen to write of myself. What I want now is to press you to do what you can for the safety and honor of those of my friends in like position who have fallen into the hands of the conquerors. Would not the authorities permit you to have an interview with President Davis and Mr. Clay? I wish you could see them, especially Davis, and know what he would have his friends do for him, and then let me know. I cannot permit myself to indulge the opinions and feelings I sometimes have as to the excluded manner in which they keep Davis, as well as keeping up garrisons in the Southern States. But I hope you will not hesitate to incur whatever expense may be necessary for the defense of Davis, and I hope you will also defend Mr. Clay. But why do they not try them?

"I have written this letter simply to provoke a reply. I am snugly fixed up in this gay city, the central resort of all the fashionable world. I am trying to learn the French language, a knowledge of which adds greatly to the pleasure of the associations here. We find people here from all countries, speaking all languages. Napoleon's genius and spirit is seen and felt on every side, and at this time he may be aptly called the Soul of France. Mrs. Thompson is with me, often expresses a wish to have a long, free talk with Judge Black; sends her love to you, Mrs. Black, and the family, in which I join with all my heart. If you have a leisure moment, do write me a long letter. Direct hereafter to Messrs. Van Den Brock Bros. & Co., Bankers, 60 Rue Chaussee D'Antin, Paris.

"Your friend, J. THOMPSON."

It will be remembered that Thompson did not remain in exile, but spent the latter years of his career in Tennessee. The friendship of the two men was ended only by the death of Black in 1883.

As a Northern man who regrets the passing of State Rights, it is a pleasure to note the mention of a most sturdy champion of that ancient creed, Charles O'Connor, then one of the most eminent members of the New York bar. During the dark days of the War between the States, he remained steadfast to his political principles. Later, as the legal champion of the leader of a defeated cause, he again showed that his faith was no fair-weather creed, and that for him no verdict of the battle field could becloud the record of historic fact.

FEDERAL BLUNDERS AT FRANKLIN.

BY THE LATE CAPT. JOHN K. SHALLENBURGER, SIXTY-FOURTH OHIO REGIMENT

Any incident concerning the battle of Franklin, Tenn., coming my way has always been devoured with a greedy interest. Because of that interest, I have given far more research to this battle than to any other in which I was engaged. On account of the open character of the battle field, the limited area on which the fighting raged, and my presence in the midst of that area, the leading features of the battle came under my personal observation. Wherever that observation was wanting for giving a clear account, I have supplied the deficiency with information gathered from other reliable sources.

I was commanding Company B, 64th Ohio Regiment, Conrad's Brigade, Wagner's Division, Fourth Corps. Wagner's Division was the rear guard on the retreat to Franklin and about mid forenoon of November 30, 1864, arrived on top of the Winstead Hills two miles south of Franklin. Halting there long enough to eat a hasty breakfast, the division then hurried into battle line to delay the columns of the enemy, in close pursuit, by compelling them to deploy. The position was held as long as possible without bringing on a battle, and then Wagner began to retire slowly toward Franklin.

The town lies nestled in a little valley in a bend of Harpeth River. A stand was made to get the artillery and the wagon train across the river. While our commanding general, Schofield, was giving his attention to the facilities for crossing, the main body of the army, under the supervision of General Cox, was engaged in establishing our defensive line, which stretched across the river bend in the arc of a circle, inclosing the town. As fast as the troops came up and were placed in position, they hurried to cover themselves with breastworks. By the time the enemy was ready to attack, Cox's line was well entrenched. The trains were all over the river in time for the troops to have followed before the enemy appeared. The opportunity thus offered to secure a much stronger position, with the river in front instead of in rear, was not improved.

By one o'clock Wagner had fallen back so close to Cox's line that a movement was begun to withdraw his division inside that line. Conrad's Brigade had been called in from the left flank and was marching in column along the pike with the head of column nearing the breastworks, when Wagner received an order from Schofield to take up a position in front of Cox's line. In obedience to this order, Conrad countermarched a short distance and then deployed his brigade in a single line of battle having a general direction nearly parallel with Cox's line. Five of the six regiments composing the brigade were posted on the east side, and one on the west side of the pike, 470 yards in front of Cox's line as measured along the pike. Lane's Brigade, following Conrad's, was posted on Conrad's right, Lane's line trending backward to conform with Cox's line. The position was such that when the enemy attacked, Conrad's five regiments east of the pike proved to be in the direct pathway of the attack. They were overwhelmed before the line west of the pike, refused as to that pathway, became fully engaged.

When Opdycke's Brigade, the last to retire, came up to the position occupied by Conrad and Lane, Wagner rode forward and ordered Opdycke into line with them. Colonel Opdycke strenuously objected to this order. He declared that troops out on the open plain in front of the breastworks were in a good position to aid the enemy and nobody else. He also pleaded that his brigade was worn out, having been marching

for several hours that morning, while covering the rear of our retreating column, in line of battle, climbing over fences and passing through woods, thickets, and muddy cornfields, and was entitled to a relief and an opportunity for rest and refreshment. While they were discussing the matter, they rode along the pike with the brigade marching in column behind them, until they had entered the gap in the breastworks left for the pike. The ground there being fully occupied by other troops, they kept along until they came to the first clear space, about one hundred yards inside the breastworks. There Wagner turned back with the final remark: "Well, Opdycke, fight when and where you damn please. We all know you'll fight." Colonel Opdycke then had his brigade stack arms on the clear space, and his persistence in thus marching his brigade inside the breastworks about two hours later proved to be the salvation of our army.

When Conrad's Brigade took up its advanced position, we all supposed it would be only temporary, but soon an orderly came along the line to give instructions to the company commanders. He told me the orders were to hold the position to the last man; to have my sergeants fix bayonets, and to instruct my company that any man, not wounded, who should attempt to leave the line without orders would be shot or bayoneted by the sergeants. Four of Conrad's regiments had each received a large assignment of drafted men so recently that none of them had been with their regiments more than a month and many had joined within a week. The old soldiers all believed that our harsh orders were given for effect on the drafted men, for we never before had received any such orders on going into battle. We then began to fortify.

On the retreat that morning we had passed an abandoned wagon loaded with intrenching tools. By order, each company of the 64th took two spades from this wagon, the men relieving each other in carrying them. Probably the other regiments did the same, for they all seemed to have a few tools. We were out in a large old cotton field not under cultivation that year. The ground had been frequently camped on by other troops who had destroyed all the fences and other materials usually found so handy in building hasty breastworks. On this occasion our only resource was the earth thrown by the few spades we had. Under the stimulus afforded by the sight of the enemy in our front forming for assault, the men eagerly relieved each other in handling the spades. Whenever a man working showed the least sign of fatigue, a comrade would snatch the spade out of his hands and ply it with desperate energy. In spite of our utmost exertion, when the attack came, we had only succeeded in throwing up a slight embankment high enough to afford good protection against musket balls to the men squatting down in the ditch from which the earth had been thrown. On the outside, where there was no ditch, it was so low that a battle line could march over it without halting.

The ground ascended slightly from our position back to Cox's line, and all the intervening space, as well as a wide expanse on our left, was bare of any obstruction.

In our front was a valley extending to the base of the Winstead Hills. This valley was dotted with a few farm buildings and there were also some small areas of woodland, but the greater portion consisted of clear fields. As our line was established, the 64th Ohio was on the left and three companies, H, K, and B were partially refused to cover the left flank. My position was at the refused angle. What I relate was what I saw from that angle.

About the time that we began to fortify, my attention

was called to a group of mounted men in a field on the side of the Winstead Hills, to the east of the Columbia Pike, and more than a mile in our front. This group undoubtedly consisted of General Hood and his staff. An officer who was present with Hood has related that from their position they had a good view of Cox's line; that after giving that line a hasty survey through his field glass, General Hood slapped the glass down with an emphatic gesture and decisively exclaimed: "We will attack." Staff officers then began to gallop forth from the group carrying orders to the troops to form for assault. At the angle where I was, our view of the valley directly in our front and to our right was obstructed by a small body of timber a short distance in advance of our position. We could see nothing of the movements of Cheatham's Corps, which formed astride the pike. But looking up the valley on our left front was a wide expanse of cleared fields. In these fields we had a good view of the movements of a large part of Stewart's Corps. They first came into view from behind a body of timber over toward the river, deploying on double quick from column into line. As fast as the troops could be hurried up from the rear, Stewart extended his lines over toward the pike. We could see all their movements so plainly while they were adjusting their lines that there was not a particle of doubt in the mind of any man in my vicinity as to what was coming. The opinion was just as universal that a big blunder was being committed in forcing us to fight with our flank fully exposed in the midst of a wide field, while in plain sight in our rear was a good line of breastworks with its flank protected by the river. The indignation of the men grew almost into a mutiny.

The swearing of those gifted in profanity exceeded all their previous efforts in that line. Even the green drafted men could see the folly of our position. One of them said to me: "What can our generals be thinking about in keeping us out here. We are only in the way. Why don't they take us back to the breastworks." The regiment contained a number of men who had not reenlisted when the regiment had veteranized. Their time already had expired and they were to be mustered out as soon as we got back to Nashville. With home so nearly in sight, after three years of hard service these men were especially rebellious. First Sergeant Libey, of Company H, was a nonveteran. When the enemy was approaching, he twice got up from our line and started for the breastworks, vehemently declaring that he would not submit to having his life thrown away, after his time was out, by any such a stupid blunder. The little squad of nonveterans belonging to the company both times got up and started to go with him, and both times they all returned to the line on the profane order of their captain: "God damn you, come back here!" A little later the sergeant was killed while we were retreating to the breastworks.

It took two hours, from two to four o'clock, for the corps of Cheatham and Stewart to come up and get into position. They then advanced to the assault in heavy lines of battle. We kept the spades flying until they had approached within range of our skirmish line, which fired a few shots and then began to fall back rapidly. Then the spades were dropped, and the men, taking their muskets, squatted down behind the streak of earth they had thrown out to receive the coming attack. A little later, Company E, from the skirmish line, came scurrying back, the men, with very serious looks on their faces, settling down with our line like a covey of flushed birds dropping into cover. Captain Smith told me that he and his company had been face to face with the whole rebel army.

All that has been related concerning Conrad's Brigade took place in full view of that part of Cox's line extending from the river, on the left, to the Columbia Pike. If there had been any doubt in the minds of any of these onlooking thousands as to Hood's intention, his determination to assault was as plainly advertised as it possibly could be during the intense minutes that it took his army to march in battle order from the place of its formation to our advanced position. General Cox has claimed that Wagner's Division was ordered to report to him, and that he was in immediate command of all the troops engaged in the battle. By his own statement, he was on a knoll, in rear of Stiles's Brigade, where he had the best view of the whole field. From this knoll he was watching Hood's preparations for attack, and all the time Conrad's Brigade, directly under his eyes, was busily engaged in fortifying to resist that attack. If Wagner was disobeying his orders by remaining too long in front, as was given out a few days later when he was made a scapegoat for the blunder of his position, Cox was watching him do it and made no effort to prevent it. If it was Cox's expectation that Wagner would withdraw the two brigades at the last moment, he must have known better when he saw Conrad's Brigade squat down behind the half-built breastwork preparatory to giving battle. There was even then time, if prompt action had been taken, for a staff officer to ride to the front, before the firing began, with a peremptory order for the two brigades to get out of the way. They were there under the protest of the two brigade commanders, and both those commanders would have eagerly obeyed such an order. But Cox, fresh from a conference with Schofield, to whom he had reported the situation, and whose orders he had then received with reference to holding the position, looked quietly on and thereby approved of Wagner's action.

It was a pleasant Indian summer day, so warm that I was carrying my overcoat on my arm. When the line squatted down, I folded the coat into a compact bundle and, placing it on the edge of the bank in rear of my company and sitting on it with my feet in the shallow ditch, by rubber-necking, I could look over our low parapet. The battle was opened on the 64th front by a cannon that, unnoticed by us, had taken position on a wooded knoll off our left front, over toward the river. The first shot from this cannon flew a little high, directly over the angle where I was sitting. The second shot dropped short. I was thinking, with a good deal of discomfort, that the third shot would get the exact range and would knock some of us out of that angle, but before it came our line had opened fire on the advancing line. I became so much interested in this fire that I never knew whether there had been a third shot from the cannon. Our fire checked them in front, for they halted and began to return it, but for a short time only, when they again came forward. Their advance was so rapid that my company had fired not more than five or six rounds when the break came. Meantime the line beyond our left, unchecked by any of our fire, had advanced steadily until it was fully abreast of our line and was preparing to open an enfilading fire. Already a few shots were beginning to come from that direction. The salient of our line was near the pike. There the opposing lines met in a hand-to-hand encounter. Our line, overwhelmed by the weight of numbers, quickly gave way. I had been glancing uneasily along our line watching for the break that I knew must come, as a pretext for getting out of there. It chanced that I was looking toward the pike when the break first started. It ran along our line so rapidly that it reminded me of a train of powder burning. I instantly sprang to my feet and looked

to the front. They were coming on a run, emitting the shrill rebel charging yell and so close that my first impulse was to drop flat on the ground and let them charge over. But the rear was open and a sense of duty, as well as a thought of the horrors I had heard of rebel prisons, constrained me to take what I believed would be the dangerous risk of trying to escape. I shouted to my company: "Fall back! Fall back!" and gave an example of how to do it by turning and running for the breastworks. As the men were rising to go, the enemy fired, but so hastily, and with such poor aim, that their fire did not prove nearly so destructive as I had feared. Probably the most of their guns were empty, having fired them just before starting forward without waiting to reload. But I did not think so just then, for I never before had heard bullets hiss with such a diabolical venom. In the excitement, I had forgotten my overcoat. I had run only a rod or two when I thought of it and stopped and looked back with the intention of returning to get it. The rebels then looked to be as close to the coat as I was and, very reluctantly, for it was a new one, I let them have it. After running a few rods farther, I again looked back. They were then standing on the low embankment we had left, loading and firing at will. Just as I looked, some of the officers waved their swords and sprang forward. The fire then slackened as they started in close pursuit to go to the breastworks with us.

Our men were all running with their guns in their hands. This was good evidence that there was no panic. While knapsacks, or blanket rolls, were frequently thrown away, I did not see a single man drop his gun unless hit. The cry of some of our wounded who went down in that wild race, knowing they would have to lie there exposed to all the fire of our own line, had a pathetic note of despair in it I had never heard before. A rebel account has stated that the next morning they found some of the dead with thumbs chewed to a pulp. They had fallen with disabling wounds and the agony of their helpless exposure to the murderous fire from our breastworks, which swept the bare ground where they were lying, had been so great that they had stuck their thumbs in their mouths and had bit on them to keep from bleating like calves. Some of the bodies thus exposed were hit so frequently that they were riddled with bullet holes.

The most of our men were inclining toward the pike as if with the intention of entering the breastworks through the gap at the pike. I reasoned that the hottest fire would be directed where the biggest crowd was, and I veered off the other way to avoid the crowd. While running rapidly with body bent over and head down, after the involuntary manner of men retreating under fire, I came into collision with a man running in a similar attitude, but headed toward the gap. The shock was so great that it knocked him down and pretty well knocked the wind out of me. Just as we met a shell exploded close over our heads. As his body was rolling over on the ground, I caught a glimpse of his face and read in its horrified look his belief that it was the shell that had hit him.

The idea was so comical that I laughed, but my laugh was of brief duration when I found myself so much disabled that I was rapidly falling behind. With panting lungs and trembling legs I toiled along, straining every nerve to reach the breastwork. When it was about fifteen or twenty steps away, even with life itself at stake, I could go no farther and thought that my time had come. My brave mother, the daughter of a soldier of 1812, and the granddaughter of a Revolutionary soldier, had said, when I had appealed so successfully to her pride in her military ancestry that she had consented to my enlistment: "Well, if you must go, don't get shot in the back."

I thought of her and of that saying, and faced about to take it in front.

As I was slowly turning, my eyes swept the plain in the direction of the pike. There were comparatively few men in my vicinity. Over toward the pike the ground was thickly covered with them. In some places they were so densely massed as to interfere with each other's movements. The fleetest footed already had crossed the breastwork. All those outside were so tired that none of them could go any faster than a slow, labored trot. The rear was brought up with a ragged fringe of tired stragglers who were walking doggedly along as if no enemy was in sight. The rebel ranks were almost as badly demoralized by pursuit as ours by retreat. Their foremost men already had overtaken our rearmost stragglers and were grabbing hold on them to detain them. But suddenly my attention became so intently riveted on the nearest rebel to myself that in watching him I became oblivious to all the other surroundings. I thought that I was looking at the man who would shoot me. He was coming directly toward me on a dog trot, less than fifty yards away, and was in the act of withdrawing the ramrod from the barrel of his gun. When this action was completed, while holding the gun and ramrod in one hand, he stopped to prime, and then aimed and fired at a little squad of our men close on my right. I heard the bullet strike and an exclamation from the man who was hit. The rebel then started to trot forward again, at the same time reaching back with one hand to draw a fresh cartridge. By this time I had rested a little and looked back over my shoulder toward the breastwork. I then noticed a ditch on the outside.

The sight of this ditch brought renewed hope. With the fervent prayer into which was poured all the longing for more life natural to my vigorous young manhood, "O, God, give me strength to reach that ditch!" I turned and staggered forward. I fell headlong into the ditch just as our line there opened fire. The roar of their guns was sweeter than music, and I chuckled with satisfaction as I thought: "Now, Rebs, your turn has come and you must take your medicine." I lay as I fell, panting for breath, until I had recovered a little fresh wind and then began to crawl around on the bottom of the ditch to take a peep and see how the rebels were getting along. When my body was lengthwise of the ditch, I chanced to raise my head and was astounded by the sight of some of them coming into the ditch between me and the pike. The nearest of them were only a few steps away. They were so tired that they seemed scarcely able to put one foot before the other. Many of them fell against the outside face of the parapet and lay there, panting for breath, unable to go a single step farther until after they had rested. It was only the strongest among them who were still able to climb over the breastwork. If the men behind the work had stood fast, not one of those tired rebels would have crossed that parapet alive. Transfixed with amazement, I was watching them when the thought flashed into my mind that in an instant some of their comrades would come in on top of me, and I would be pinned down with a bayonet. The thought of a bayonet stab was so terrifying that it spurred me into a last supreme effort. With the mental ejaculation, "I never will die in that way," I sprang up to the top of the breastwork. Crouching there an instant, with both hands resting on the headlog, I took one startled glance over my shoulder. They looked so close that I thought if I should fall backwards they could catch me on their bayonets. Without taking any aim, one of them hastily thrust forward his musket and fired. The bullet, passing between my legs and beneath my body, entered the breastwork just below my head, then turned to

look backward, and threw up some particles of earth that struck me on one cheek. Instantly followed a bit of oblivion for which I cannot account. With returning consciousness, I found myself lying in the ditch, inside the breastwork, trampled under the feet of the men, and with no knowledge whatever of how I got there. I was lying across the body of a wounded man, unconscious but still breathing, the bullet having entered at his cheek and passed out the back of his head. The jam was so great that I could not get on my feet. In a desperate struggle to escape being trampled to death, I managed to crawl out between the legs of the men to the bank of the ditch, where I lay utterly helpless with burning lungs still panting for breath. My first thought was of the rebels I had seen crossing the breastwork, and I looked toward the pike.

I had crossed our line close to a cotton gin, standing just back of the inside ditch, and the building obstructed my view except directly along the ditch and for a short distance in rear of it. Just beyond the other end of the building stood two cannon, pointing toward me, with a little group of rebels at the breech of each one of them, trying to discharge it. They were two of our own guns that had been captured before ever they had been fired by our gunners and were still loaded with the charges intended for the enemy. Fortunately, the gunners had withdrawn the primers from the vents and had taken them along when they ran away. Thus the rebels were having difficulty in firing the guns. As I looked they were priming them with powder from their musket cartridges with the intention of firing a musket into this priming. Just then I was too feeble to make any effort to roll my body over behind the cover of the building. I shut my eyes and set my jaws to await the outcome where I was lying. After waiting long enough, and not hearing the cannon, I opened my eyes to see what was the matter. The rebels were all gone and the ditch was full of our men as far as I could see. If the rebels had succeeded in firing those two guns, it would have widened the break in our line so much farther to our left that it might have proved fatal; for the two brigades holding our line from the vicinity of the cotton gin to the river had each only a single regiment of reserves. The men in the ditch by my side, when I first saw the cannon, were so intently occupied in keeping out the rebels, who then filled the ditch outside the parapet, that I do not believe they ever noticed the cannon posted to rake the ditch. Their conduct was very gallant.

For a brief period the enemy had possession of the inside of our breastworks along the entire front of Strickland's Brigade, on the west side, and of Reilly's Brigade down to the cotton gin, on the east side of the pike. The ground in their possession was the key to Cox's entire line. This break was identical in extent with the front covered by the main body of the two brigades in falling back. It was occasioned by the panic and confusion created by the men of the two brigades in crossing the breastworks. Along this part of Cox's line his men seem to have lost their nerve at the sight of what was coming and on account of their own helpless condition. With Wagner's men between themselves and the enemy, they could not fire a single shot; and the first rebels crossed the breastworks side by side with the last of Wagner's men. At some point a break started and then spread rapidly to right and left until it reached the men who were too busily occupied in firing on the enemy to become affected by the panic.

Opdycke's Brigade was directly in rear of this break in our line. At the sounds of the firing in front, Colonel Opdycke had deployed his brigade astride the pike ready for instant

action. As soon as he saw the stampede that was coming from the front, without waiting for any orders, he instantly led his brigade forward. After a desperate hand-to-hand encounter, in which Opdycke himself, as he informed me, first fired all the shots in his revolver and then broke it over the head of a rebel, his brigade restored the break in the line. It is true that hundreds of brave men from the broken brigades of Conrad, Lane, Reilly, and Strickland who were falling back, when they met Opdycke's advancing line and understood that the position would not be given up without a desperate struggle, faced about and fought as gallantly as any of Opdycke's men in recovering and in afterwards holding our line. But if Opdycke's Brigade had been out with the brigades of Conrad and Lane, as was contemplated by Schofield's order, the onrushing charge of the enemy would not have been stopped, the break would have been rapidly widened to right and left until it had involved all of Cox's line, and with the river in rear to check retreat, the day would have closed with utter rout and ruin of the four divisions of infantry south of the river. When Cox met Opdycke on the field soon after the break was closed, he took him by the hand and fervently exclaimed: "Opdycke, that charge saved the day."

THE BATTLE OF BLOUNTVILLE, TENN.

The patriotic service of the Confederate soldiers of Sullivan County, Tenn., has been commemorated by the placing of a marker on the courthouse lawn at Blountville in their honor. This is the work of the 19th Tennessee Regiment Chapter, U. D. C., of which Mrs. W. C. Elam is President; and the monument committee of the Chapter was composed of Mrs. John M. Fain, chairman; Mrs. Wade Carmack and Mrs. Charles Weingartner. The unveiling ceremonies took place on the 29th of June, with Dr. John Rosser as the principal speaker, and his address was most interesting and appropriate. He told of his Confederate sentiment, inherited from a heroic ancestry, his grandfather having three sons to march away under the flag of Dixie, "and when the war clouds had passed and peace came, one returned with two wounds; another had spent two terms in prison; the third was brought back." He told of what the Confederate soldier had fought for—his home, however humble, and his native land; he paid tribute to Gen. Robert E. Lee, the stainless knight, and to the Confederate women, the force behind the lines; and said that generations to come would see the stone with its shining tablet which would tell of the faith for which their fathers fought and died.

Other talks were made, and the veil was drawn by little Mary Anne Robertson, a great-granddaughter of Maj. A. D. Reynolds, who for a number of years was Commander of S. V. Fulkerson Camp, U. C. V., of Bountville, and so faithful to his Confederate comrades that he remembered them in his will. Her paternal grandmother, Mrs. George E. Robertson, is a daughter of James C. Hammer, a lieutenant in Captain Millet's Company of the 19th Tennessee, who was wounded and for many months incapacitated.

After the unveiling, the beautiful marker was presented to the people of Blountsville, and accepted by Mrs. Josephine Evans Massengill, daughter of Maj. Samuel Evans and widow of Dr. John D. Massengill, who was a member of Company B, — Tennessee Cavalry, volunteering at the age of sixteen. Confederate flags were then placed upon the marker by John Hugh and Rhea Anderson Dail, twin sons of Mr. and Mrs. John E. Dail, whose ancestors on both sides were

Confederate soldiers of Sullivan County. The marker was then banked with beautiful floral offerings.

A brief outline of the battle of Blountsville, Tenn., was given by Mrs. Walter E. Allen in the following:

"The battle of Blountville was fought September 22, 1863, beginning at twelve o'clock noon and lasting until four o'clock in the afternoon. Col. James Carter, under General Jones commanding the Confederate forces, decided to engage the enemy and stationed his battery on the plateau east of town.

"Col. John W. Foster commanding the Federals took a stand on the opposite side near the graveyard, some of the remaining grave stones showing the effect of the battle until the present time.

"The Confederate forces numbered 1,257 while the Federals numbered twice that number.

"A shell from the Federal guns entered the courthouse, setting it on fire, and soon all the best portion of the town was destroyed. The women and children fleeing for their lives through a storm of shells while calvarymen dashed across their paths, their lives being in great danger. Mothers became separated from their children. Finally they found a safe retreat beyond the hills, fleeing through Brown's meadow. As an example of marksmanship for which the America soldier is renowned Captain Davidson, whose battery had distinguished itself in the battle of Manassas, was participating in this battle and being told that Federal sharpshooters were in the belfry of the Methodist church decided to fire upon it. He was asked not to hit the bell and its location was pointed out to him, he then sent one ball just above and one just below the bell although the church was a quarter of a mile away.

"The Confederates learning of a flank movement upon the part of the Federals began to retire in the direction of Zollicoffer, a few however, went toward Bristol and were captured.

"At Hamilton's Hill Jones reinforced Carter and another stand was made.

The Federals were driven back. The returning citizens of the town found that the homes that were left had been looted and what had not been taken had been destroyed.

"There was little to eat and the women were compelled to secure meal from the soldiers.

"The casualties were not great on either side. The Confederates losing only three dead and eight or ten wounded while the Federals had twelve killed and as many more wounded.

"The Institute and Methodist church were used as temporary hospitals, also the officers at Medical Grove, Dr. Nat T. Dulaney Sr., and Dr. J. J. Ensor, aiding the Federal surgeons with the wounded."

Mrs. Massengill gave her memories of the battle and the harrowing experiences of her family, saying:

"I remember many of the 19th Tennessee Regiment. I had no brothers, but had many cousins who were members. A number of these were wounded, and Sam Vance, Will Cox, Bob Rhea, and others never returned.

"I was eleven years old when the battle of Blountville was fought and remember distinctly many of the events. I stood on a high knob about a half mile back of the Confederate line of battle, which was formed east of the town. I was with my father and mother and two sisters, also present were John Lynn, Dechy Rhea, and Robert P. Rhea, some others being present that I can't recall. John Rhea, realized that his house was burning and soon it was evident that the town also was burning. About this time father started for home, which was one and one-half miles east of Blountville

on the Bluff City Road. Soon after we arrived the Confederate soldiers began to pass on their retreat, some following the road and others coming through the fields. I remember that their faces were blackened with powder and they wanted water. We placed our washing tubs and other vessels along the roadside and pumped water out of the well as fast as we could to keep them filled. The water was much appreciated.

"The Confederates made their next stand on Hamilton's Hill, but the Federals did not follow till the next Sunday morning, which was two days later. We were standing on the porch, near the roadside watching them pass, when one of the Federal officers said to us: 'We are going to give Southern chivalry hell to-day.'

"A few hours later the Federals came back in hasty retreat and when I saw the same officer returning, I climbed on the fence and holloed to him: 'You didn't give Southern chivalry hell to-day, did you?' He and others laughed and seemed to enjoy the thrust.

"Later the ambulance with the wounded followed, and I remembered the groans and moans of the wounded. One ambulance stopped in front of our home and the wounded were begging for water and my mother carried water to them. I still remember the expression of one of the Federals when he discovered that one of the wounded had passed away.

"The Federals were expecting to be attacked and selected my father's farm for the battle ground and located their artillery on a high hill in the rear of the house, but no fighting was done there. One of the Federals advised us to vacate the house, and we went to the near-by knobs. When we returned we found the soldiers cooking in the house and the house ransacked. They gave us an invitation to have supper with them. I removed the contents of my trunk before leaving, and for mischief locked it. I found the lock had been cut out, and I thought I had had a good joke. They took among other things, two fine shawls, but my sister Maggie hunted up an officer and made a complaint. He succeeded in recovering one, but the other could not be found. The Federals camped on the farm for a few days and lived off our farm products.

"When the army departed we had nothing left to eat except some apples. Also when leaving they collected all the fence rails and burned them in order to convey the impression to the Confederates that they were still in camp.

"When leaving home on account of the expected battle my mother placed a small bag of coins on the front porch and then forgot it. Friends ever afterwards joked her for her generosity. The only thing she saved was some silver spoons which she prized very highly and carried away in her pocket."

THE CITY OF VICKSBURG.

BY MISS MARY RATLIFF, HISTORIAN MISSISSIPPI DIVISION,
U. D. C.

No city on the Mississippi River has a more beautiful or healthful location than Vicksburg. About the year 1812, or 1814, a Methodist minister, Rev. Newton Vick, with his immediate family and a nephew moved from Virginia and bought a large tract of land, on which Vicksburg now stands, from Mr. Anthony Glass. He called his plantation "Open-woods." It was near Walnut Hills. After his death, his family and friends decided to honor him by calling the town that was rapidly spring up, "Vicksburg."

It sits serenely on its hills more than a hundred feet above the highest water level, and, in 1863, the river swept twice at its feet, the channel first running nearly north and then turning south in a great bend, with a long peninsula inclosed between.

In the War between the States, the possession of the Mississippi River was considered by both governments as one of the most important objects. The driving of the Confederate forces from the banks of this great river was the real purpose of the Federal government in almost every battle that was fought from Fort Donelson to the fall of Port Hudson, which occurred almost immediately after Vicksburg, leaving the entire river in its hands.

The Confederate government realized the importance of holding this outlet to the sea and maintaining its communication with the great West, and so early fortified the city with river batteries of forty-four guns, under Colonel Higgins, and placed a line of defense on the land side running from the river above the city to the river below, following an almost unbroken ridge of about eight miles. Upon these lines there were about one hundred and two guns mounted.

The siege of Vicksburg is considered one of the five greatest sieges of all history. It began on the 18th of May, 1863, and the city was surrendered to General Grant on the 4th of July, after the garrison had been reduced to the fare of peas and mule meat, and even these had become scarce.

The United States government has commemorated the siege by making the battle ground a National Park. It contains 1,246 acres of land. Splendid roads have been built and many markers placed by the States having troops in the siege. Adjoining the park is a National Cemetery, where rest seventeen thousand Union soldiers who died during the campaign. Also adjoining is the city cemetery, where the Daughters of the Confederacy care for the graves of many Confederate soldiers. Each Memorial Day this band of loyal Confederate women, with the patriotic citizens of Vicksburg and the school children, wend their way to the sacred ground and place flowers on the graves of the defenders of the city.

During the war Vicksburg was a small place of about six thousand inhabitants, including the negro slaves. It is now a thriving city of twenty thousand. Situated in the midst of as fertile land as can be found anywhere, it is a great cotton port, the bales being shipped on the river to New Orleans. It is also engaged in the wholesale lumber and furnishing business.

Harris Dickson, writer, has won fame especially for his negro dialect stories, many of the scenes of his stories being laid in Vicksburg, his home town. Corinne Moore Lawson, the singer, is a daughter of this "City of Hills." "Brierfield," the plantation home of Jefferson Davis, only President of the Confederacy, is near Vicksburg.

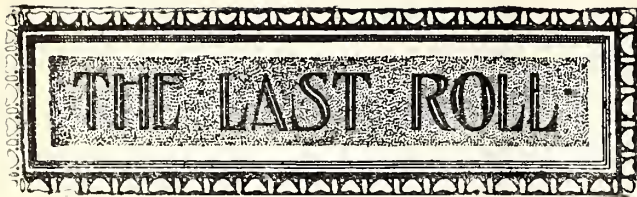
* * *

The following story of a girl's journey to Vicksburg under Federal escort is taken from the *Heritage*, official organ Mississippi Division, U. D. C.:

In the center of the conflict around Vicksburg stood the plantation house of Captain Shirley. He called it "Wexford Lodge." The Union army called it "The White House" because of its color, and the Union battery posted near it was called the "White House Battery." Captain Shirley was from New Hampshire and a Union man in sentiment. His daughter, now Mrs. Eaton, has written a very interesting account of her war experience as a girl, from which this is taken.

She was attending Central Female Institute in Clinton, Miss., in the spring of 1863 and boarding with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Harriet Shirley. After giving an account of the passing of the Federal army through Clinton on its way to Vicksburg and the commencement exercises of the school,

(Continued on page 398)



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged at 20 cents a line. Engravings \$3.00 each.

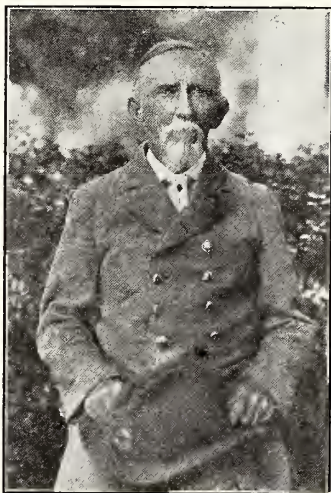
"There's a memory dear, filled with a tear,
When a comrade passes on from our sight:
There's an evergreen spray, on the silent way,
There's a beacon that shines through the night:
There's a record of the soul, written on the scroll
That will live when the spirit has fled;
There's a place set apart in the depth of our heart
Filled with love for our own cherished one:
If we but endure there's a promise that's sure
That we shall meet our dear comrade again."

GEN. PHILIP G. ALSTON, U. C. V.

On Wednesday evening, August 8, 1928, the gentle, loving spirit of Philip Guston Alston entered into the great beyond.

He was born August 12, 1843, at Tusculum, one of those dear old homes of Warren County, N. C., the son of Samuel Thomas Alston and Ruina Temperance Williams. Descending from two of the South's most prominent families, Philip Alston lived throughout his life an honor and credit to their names. He was a Christian, a high type gentleman of the Old South. He joined the Church in boyhood at old Shady Grove in Warren County, later going to Franklin County and transferring his membership to Sarepta, where it remained, though he attended regularly the Louisburg Methodist Church during his latter years. In March, 1868, he was married to Miss Elizabeth Crawford Williams and to them were born two sons and three daughters, all of whom survive him. He is also survived by two sisters, five grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren.

He was at Tewley and Battle Masonic College at Oxford, N. C., when the War between the States began, and, though only seventeen, he volunteered and joined the Warren Rifles, going out as infantry, Company C. In 1862, he was transferred to Company K, 12th North Carolina Regiment, of which Robert Williams Alston was captain, Robert Lewis Williams, first lieutenant, and Philip Alston, corporal, later being made second lieutenant. The first of the war they were in Mahone's Brigade at Norfolk, Va., stationed on the coast, Sewell's Point, where the battle of the Virginia and Monitor was fought. He was in R. D. Johnson's Brigade, Early's Division, and also in H. D. Hill's Division, Jackson's Corps.



GEN. PHILIP G. ALSTON, U. C. V.

There were five Alston brothers in the army. After the death of Capt. R. L. Williams, 1864, Philip Alston was made captain and so served until the close of the war. He was wounded at Chancellorsville, Antietam, and Spotsylvania Courthouse, Va., receiving a very serious wound at the latter, May 10, 1864. In the going of Captain Alston passes the last member of the Warren Rifles.

He was a brave, gallant soldier, and proud to follow the immortal Lee. His company was in line of battle when Burnside was driven from his headquarters at the hotel in Chancellorsville, Va., and it was there, that night, that Jackson was wounded by his own men. He was made brigadier general commanding the Second Brigade, North Carolina Division, U. C. V., on January, 1922. One of his greatest pleasures was in attending the reunions, until his failing health prevented; the reunion at Tampa, Fla., being the last he attended. As his comrades gathered in reunion at Tarboro, N. C., he was called to join the reunion above.

Not only his loved ones will miss him, but the world misses such men. His comrades of the Second Brigade will miss him, the R. M. McKinnie Camp will miss him, for in both he served gladly and through love for the cause. He loved the U. D. C. organization and was ever full of encouragement, and to many an inspiration to carry on the work. No nobler, more patriotic man ever lived, courteous always, and ever ready to lend a helping hand to his fellow man, and through all the trials of life and those last months of suffering, his power of endurance and patience equaled his courage, and his trust and faith in his God never wavered.

CAPT. JOSEPH BOYCE.

Capt. Joseph Boyce, born in St. Louis, Mo., had spent his long life of eighty-seven years in that city with the exception of his years in the Confederate army, and in his business career of more than sixty years there he had become thoroughly identified with the city as a public-spirited citizen, devoted to its welfare and advancement. No less was he interested in the history of his State, and he was one with the associations which helped to preserve that history—the Missouri Historical Society, a Commander in the military order of the Blue and the Gray. In his death on July 28, a brave and gallant soldier and gentleman has passed to his reward.

Captain Boyce was a member of the historic St. Louis Grays, a militia regiment which leaned to the Confederacy, but it was captured after a bloodless encounter with Union troops, and the members later joined different commands recruited for the Confederate army. Joseph Boyce became connected with the 1st Missouri Regiment of Infantry, and took an active part in the fighting of that command, being wounded eleven times, three of these wounds being received in major engagements, such as Shiloh and Altoona. He was made captain of his company in 1864.

The war over, Captain Boyce returned to St. Louis and in 1867 established himself in business, being a pioneer in developing that city as a tobacco market. Though his first venture failed in the seventies, he later reestablished his business and within five years had repaid all his obligations in full. In 1903, he established the Boyce Realty Company of St. Louis, and later was connected with the Markham Company, insurance, from which he retired some two months before his death.

Before the war, Captain Boyce was a leading spirit in the volunteer Fire Company, No. 2, and later founded the Veteran Volunteer Fireman's Historical Society, and he had been deeply interested in securing exhibits of costumes and

fire equipment of the past for the Missouri Historical Society.

Captain Boyce was educated in Catholic schools of St. Louis, and later attended Jones Commercial College. He was married in 1868 to Miss Mary Elizabeth Casey, who survives him with three sons and a daughter. Funeral services were from St. Rose's Church, with interment in Calvary Cemetery.

ROBERT RANDOLPH COTTON.

Col. Robert Randolph Cotton, one of the best-known citizens of Eastern North Carolina, died at his home, Cottondale, near Greenville, N. C., August 14, 1928.

He was born June 20, 1839, near Tarboro, in Edgecombe County, a son of John Llewellyn and Nancy Johnson Cotton. He served four years in the Confederate army after volunteering in Scotland Neck Cavalry, 3rd North Carolina Regiment.

Colonel Cotton served on the staffs of Generals Metts and Smith, Commanders North Carolina Division, U. C. V., and also with the rank of colonel, on the staffs of Generals Haldeman, Vance, Freeman, and Foster, Commanders in Chief, U. C. V.

He was married in March, 1866, to Miss Sallie Southall, of Murfreesboro, Hertford County, later going to Pitt County, N. C., where he displayed marked ability as a planter and merchant, aside from his activities in the social and political fields.

He served on the State Democratic Executive Committee in 1880 and for several years later. He served also as Judge of Pitt County court from 1884 to 1888. He also represented Pitt County in the House of Representatives in 1909 to 1911 and in the Senate from 1911 to 1913.

He had also served on the board of directors of the hospital for the insane and on the penitentiary board.

He was a director of the Greenville Banking and Trust Company at the time of his death, having been prominently connected with the growth and expansion of this institution for a number of years.

Colonel Cotton is survived by his wife, who is known as the mother of the woman's club movement in North Carolina, and two sons and two daughters.

STEPHEN H. HOWS.

Stephen H. Hows, a gallant Confederate soldier and a highly esteemed and beloved citizen, died on April 21 at his home on the Memphis-to-Bristol Highway, near Newsom Station, Tenn., after an illness of several weeks. He was eighty-four years of age.

He was the son of Rasa and Nancy Lovell Hows, born March 15, 1844, at the Hows homestead near the farm where he died. He was the last surviving member of his family.

Young Hows entered the service of the Confederacy during the first year of the war, and was a member of General Forrest's command. He served throughout the war in the 10th Tennessee Regiment, and was paroled at Gainesville, Ala., May 10, 1865.

It is told that he returned home after the war just about election time. A friend, who had been a Union sympathizer, secured for him a voter's certificate and he resumed the right of his ballot at once. Since that time he has voted the straight Democratic ticket in every election for more than sixty years. He always wore the Confederate cross of honor on election day.

Stephen Hows was married, in 1877, to Miss Nancy Lovell, of Pond Creek, who survives him with one daughter. He

was a member of the county court for twenty-four years, a charter member of the Davidson county board of education, a Mason for forty years, and a consistent member of the Methodist Church.

REV. THOMAS REESE.

Rev. Thomas Reese, a devoted member of the Robert E. Lee Camp, No. 151, U. C. V., of Fort Worth, Tex., for twenty years, passed to his eternal reward on August 7, 1928, at the age of eighty-seven years. For the past ten years he held the office of Quartermaster of the Camp, discharging its duties with efficiency and fidelity.

Thomas Reese was born in Jackson County, Ala., in 1841, his parents removing to Texas some ten years later, where he grew to manhood and served with the Texas Rangers in fighting the hostile Indians on the frontier of Texas from 1860 to 1861, when he enlisted in Company A, of the 12th Texas Cavalry, Parson's Brigade. In this command he served during the War between the States, taking active part in the battles of Cotton Plant, Mansfield, Yellow Bayou, and others, with courage and distinction. He was mustered out at the close of the war, and devoted the remainder of his life to service as a minister of the gospel in the Methodist Church, to which he was loyal to the end. He was laid to rest near his old home at Bazette, Navarro County, Tex.

During his long and useful life, Comrade Reese was a consistent Christian, a brave and valiant soldier in the cause of the Confederacy, a good and useful citizen in peace, a devoted husband and father in his home, and a real comrade in the activities of his Camp, U. C. V.

We shall miss this comrade, who for so many years stood among us at our weekly meetings of the Camp with soldierly bearing, clad in his favorite suit of gray, tall and splendid in appearance, ever true to the principles for which he so nobly fought during the war—the picture of health and to our finite minds holding just claim to an additional score of years of borrowed time.

In paying this tribute to our deceased comrade, who wore the gray with pride and treasured the memories and associations of the Confederacy as a precious memorial to the end of his life, we can truly say that those who knew him best loved him most, and his memory will be cherished by his comrades until they, too, shall have answered the last roll call.

[From memorial resolutions adopted by the Camp, August, 1928. Committee: Capt. William Barr, J. T. Pickett, Mrs. E. W. Bounds.]

J. K. P. HANNA.

Through the years of its existence, the VETERAN has had a strong friend in J. K. P. Hanna, of Calvert, Tex., and it is with sorrow that announcement is made of his death by accident on the 6th of September, when he was struck by a fast passenger train and almost instantly killed. He was seventy-five years old.

Major Hanna was actively identified with political affairs of his section, and at the time of his death was county Democratic chairman and commissioner of his precinct. He was also active in fraternal associations, being an officer in the Woodmen of the World, and long identified with Hood's Brigade Association, U. C. V.

He was educated at Washington College (now Washington and Lee), and had the good fortune to be a student there under the presidency of Gen. R. E. Lee. For most of his life he had been a resident of Calvert, going there from Chapel Hill, where he was born. He is survived by two daughters and a sister.

RICHARD T. BARNES.

Richard Tilman Barnes departed this life August 7, 1928, at his home in Southampton County, Va., at the age of eighty-seven. He was a son of the late Jethro W. Barnes and Lydia Britt, and was born near Como, in Hertford County, N. C., June 5, 1841.

He was still at school when North Carolina seceded, but he volunteered in April, 1861, in the Hertford Light Infantry, 7th North Carolina Volunteers. After the capture of Fort Hatteras the reorganization of these troops occurred, and he became orderly sergeant of Company C, 17th North Carolina Regiment. He was commissioned ordnance sergeant in September, 1864; was wounded in the last general battle at Bentonville, N. C., and was paroled near Greensboro, N. C., May 1, 1865.

Comrade Barnes was in the army commanded by Gen. J. E. Johnston, R. H. Hoke's Division, the brigade commanded successively by Gens. James G. Martin, Pettigrew, and W. W. Kirkland. The battles in which he participated included Bermuda Hundred and Cold Harbor, the defenses around Petersburg and Richmond, in Virginia, and Plymouth, Kinston, Wilmington, and Bentonville in North Carolina.

He was a charter member of the Urquhart-Gillette Camp of Confederate Veterans, at Courtland, and his funeral was attended by L. L. Manry, Commander of the Camp, he being the only veteran able to be present.

In Southampton County, February 26, 1873, Richard Tilman Barnes and Miss Devila Edith Beale were united in marriage and had since lived in that county, near Sunbeam. His wife survives him with their six children—a son and five daughters.

Comrade Barnes became a Christian when a young man, and a member of the Baptist Church, and for many years had served as deacon in his Church. He was a surveyor, but more interested in farming and stock-raising.

He was a man of unusually attractive personality, and possessed a wide circle of friends, both young and old. His warm heart, broad and honest outlook on life, with a deep and abiding regard for his friends, invariably won the hearts of those with whom he came in contact, and a cheerful lightness of heart, an unquenchable optimism, an almost boyish gayety—sounded the keynote of his life.

His devotion to the cause of the Southern Confederacy was outstanding and undying, though carrying no taint of bitterness. His love for home, family, and Church deepened with his advancing years as did his abiding faith and joy.

He was laid to rest in the old family graveyard, at the beautiful home of his childhood, as seemed most fitting, where his father and mother are sleeping.

WILLIAM M. THOMPSON.

After an illness of some weeks, William M. Thompson died at his home in Seymour, Ia., in his eighty-eighth year. He was born in Washington County, Va., June 21, 1841, and spent his boyhood in that section. When the war came on, he enlisted early and served with the Virginia infantry under Stonewall Jackson. He was wounded in the knee at the battle of Cedar Mountain, but returned to his command as soon as able and received honorable discharge at the close of the war.

In May, 1865, Comrade Thompson was married to Miss Cynthia V. Dills, and a son and three daughters came to bless their home. His wife and two daughters survive him. In 1870, the family removed to a farm near Oskaloosa, Ia., later going to Clio, Ia., where he conducted the hotel and had

a lumberyard. Some forty years ago he located at Seymour, and ran the hotel there for some time, later going into business, retiring some twenty years ago. He was thoroughly identified with the business life of his community, where his kindness and geniality won him friends wherever he went. His was a sturdy character and of unquestioned integrity. Even the Federal veterans of that section were his friends, for in his heart was no bitterness for those he had fought in the sixties. He was a member of the Masonic Lodge at Seymour, though not taking an active part for several years.

After funeral services, his body was laid away in the St. Joseph Memorial Park Cemetery.

WILLIAM H. WARE.

William H. Ware, known as one of that "thin gray line which never wavered," died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. V. P. Doughty, in Newport News, Va., at the age of eighty-four years. For many years he was an outstanding figure in the Confederate reunions, both State and general, having served gallantly in Troop D of the 3rd Virginia Cavalry, Fitzhugh Lee's Brigade. He fought in many of the major engagements of the war, including Seven Pines, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, and many others of less degree, and he was also an eyewitness of the victory of the Confederate ironclad Virginia over the Monitor in Hampton Roads. He was first connected with the Confederate artillery, having been mustered in in front of the old church tower at Jamestown by Lieut. Catesby Jones, who was later Commodore Jones. His battery was stationed for some time on Jamestown island, back of the old church, he says, and he was one of the eighteen men "borrowed" to man one of the guns in the little James River fleet under Captain Tucker, and from that vantage point he witnessed the thrilling work of the Virginia in sinking the wooden ships of the enemy and in its victory over the ironclad Monitor. After that fight the James River fleet stayed about Star Fort until the 3rd of May, when the guns were sent up to Richmond.

Comrade Ware was for many years a member of the Masonic Order, being a pioneer member of the Peninsula Lodge No. 278, A. F. and A. M. He is survived by three sons and two daughters, also a brother and a sister. Interment was in Greenlawn Cemetery at Newport News.

THOMAS B. ALEXANDER.

Thomas Benton Alexander, one of that famous "fighting family of Alexanders," of Maury County, Tenn., died on August 17, at his home on the Jackson Highway, near Thompson Station, after more than a year's confinement with a broken hip. He was in his ninetieth year.

For the third time within a year death has entered the Alexander family and summoned a gallant veteran of the Confederacy, two brothers having preceded him to the grave. These were Andrew Jackson Alexander, who died in August, 1927, and Eben C. Alexander, whose death occurred in March, 1928. Another brother, George Washington Alexander, of Trenton, Tenn., is the last of the four brothers who served the Confederacy so faithfully.

Thomas B. Alexander was born and reared in Maury County, being a member of one of the pioneer families of that section. At the outbreak of the War between the States, he and his three brothers enlisted in the Maury Artillery, C. S. A., and served with valor and distinction throughout the four years. He was captured at Fort Donelson and held in a Northern prison for a time and then exchanged. After the war, he removed to Williamson County and was a substantial

farmer and leading citizen of his community. He is survived by his wife, a son, and a daughter.

The last reunion of the four brothers, which was an annual affair, found them all active and good health. This was on April 17, 1927, at the home of A. J. Alexander in Columbia. The affair was a most happy one, and the joys of the occasion were shared by a number of relatives and friends of the family. It seems singular that these brothers, so closely associated in life and each living much longer than the allotted span of life, should reach the journey's end at so near the same time, a fitting close to one of the most unique family records in Confederate history.

CAPT. W. P. LANE.

Capt. W. P. Lane died at his home in Hendersonville, N. C., August 22, 1928, aged eighty-two years. He was a native of Henderson County, his forefathers having settled there. At the early age of seventeen, he entered as a private in Company G, 70th Regiment North Carolina troops. Although so young, he was soon made captain of the company, in which position he served until March 8, 1865, when he was shot through the body in an engagement between Kinston and New Bern, N. C. After remaining in the hospital until sufficiently able to travel, he returned home, arriving about the date of the surrender at Appomattox.

The passing of Captain Lane takes the last of a patriotic family which did much for the cause of the Confederacy, the father and six sons and a son-in-law having served with the North Carolina troops.

Capt. Henry Ellis Lane, although past the age of enlistment, formed a company of 121 young men, which became Company G, 56th North Carolina Regiment.

Ben Daniel Lane, his son, also served in this company and regiment.

Henry W. Lane served with Company A, 50th North Carolina Regiment.

Capt. John W. Lane was with Company I, 16th North Carolina Regiment.

Capt. Thomas T. Lane, served with Company H, 25th North Carolina Regiment.

Capt. W. P. Lane, Company G, 70th North Carolina Regiment.

J. R. P. Lane was courier on Martin's staff.

Capt. W. D. Miller, Company I, 16th North Carolina Regiment.

The mother of these brave boys did much also for the cause so dear to her heart. Twice during the conflict, she, with several of her faithful slaves, drove through to Charleston and brought back salt for the destitute people. This was a very daring thing to do, but as the men were all gone, the brave woman did not consider danger when duty called. She also ministered in many ways to the suffering soldiers.

A CONFEDERATE MARTYR.—The sketch of Benjamin E. Jobe in the *VETERAN* for August closed with a reference to his younger brother, Dee Jobe, "executed as a spy." T. H. Peebles, of Clarendon Tex., calls attention to this as an error, for this young Confederate was murdered by his captors because he would not tell of his comrades. Dee Jobe was a fellow scout with Sam Davis, and when he was found by some Federal troops, sleeping in a thicket, they tried to force him to tell where his comrades were meeting, but he would not betray them, even under most cruel torture. It is told that the leader of the band of Federal fiends lost his mind in thinking of the cruel deed.

A FRIEND ON THE OTHER SIDE.

Among the veterans of the Union army who have shown their friendly interest in the *VETERAN* was James S. Hatch, of Plano, Ill., who served with the 36th Illinois Infantry during the War between the States. For a number of years he made annual trips through the South, visiting the battle fields and other places connected with his career as a soldier. He always came to the *VETERAN* office, and a strong friendship was formed with the late editor of the *VETERAN*, which was continued to the publication through later years. The news of the passing of this Federal veteran brought a feeling of loss to the *VETERAN* that another good friend had gone. Death came to him in the early day of June 29.

Some years ago the *VETERAN* carried a story of "The Three Jims," survivors of Company E, of the 36th Illinois, the youngest of whom was Comrade Hatch, and he is the first of the three to go. There were nine men in the company named Jim, and the last three of these—James Hatch, James Moss, and James Harral—kept up that friendship formed in the days of war through correspondence and visits and trips together. Comrade Hatch had returned from a visit to his friend, James Moss, in Iowa just a few days before the end, a visit which he had thoroughly enjoyed.

After the war, James Hatch finished his education at Wheaton College, Ill., then returned home and spent the rest of his life in the vicinity of his birth, a successful farmer and a citizen of worth. He was always interested in the advancement of his community, devoted to his Church (being a local preacher in the Methodist Church), a man of fine personality and intelligence, devoted to his family, busy with his flowers. It was his good fortune to be active almost to the last, yet ready when the roll call was heard. He is survived by a daughter and three sons, fifteen grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren.

FIRST ROSTER OF THE McCAA RANGERS.

CONTRIBUTED BY JOHN H. HATFIELD, WEBSTER GROVES, MO.

This company was recruited in Pickens and Green Counties, Ala., in March, 1861, and afterwards became Company D, of the 8th Confederate Cavalry, of the Confederate brigade commanded by Gen. Robert Anderson, of Savannah, Ga., and Gen. Felix H. Robertson.

Officers: Captain, B. B. McCaa; first lieutenant, P. S. Carpenter; second lieutenant, A. B. Archibald; third lieutenant, W. D. O'Daniel; first sergeant, C. T. Ruff; second sergeant, W. H. Somerville; third sergeant, Green Carver; fourth sergeant, J. M. Ingram; fifth sergeant, L. A. Horton; first corporal, E. W. Cureton; second corporal, S. B. King; third corporal, S. C. Carpenter; fourth corporal, J. Richardson.

Privates: A. Brum, G. W. Bell, R. D. Bell, J. C. Bell, J. J. Bethany, O. P. Buntin, W. F. Bridges, J. H. Carver, S. A. Carver, G. W. Carver, A. J. Cook, J. R. Curry, G. W. Davis, John Daniel, M. Edwards, J. L. Eddings, W. A. Ferguson, W. M. Gantt, J. G. Gilham, T. W. Gibbs, D. McGoodwyn, J. H. Graham, William Gibson, J. H. Harris, E. T. Harrison, J. H. Hatfield, J. B. Holder, W. J. Hollingsworth, W. A. Hood, J. T. Hughes, W. V. Jones, R. B. Jones, J. A. Lipsey, J. B. Mayhew, T. J. Manning, Irvin O'Neal, A. C. Oxford, J. W. Parker, C. Perry, F. W. Pearson, B. Pool, J. T. Rowe, R. L. Sanders, W. McSanders, H. Sanders, J. Spain, Joseph Spain, J. C. Stansel, A. A. Steel, J. T. Staff, J. S. Stephens, S. J. Stirling, W. C. Stirling, M. A. Taggart, W. A. Taggart, J. Turner, J. N. Watts.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

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Chatham, Va.

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MRS. JAMES E. WOODARD, Wilson, N. C.....*Custodian of Crosses*

MRS. JACKSON BRANDT, Baltimore, Md.....*Custodian of Flags and Pennant*

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. L. U. Babin, Official Editor, 903 North Boulevard, Baton Rouge, La.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: For the second time in the history of our organization, God's finger has touched one of the general officers while she was serving you, and she sleeps. Tempe Whitehead Holt (Mrs. R. Philip Holt), our beloved Custodian of the Crosses of Honor and of Service, passed through the "gates ajar" into the realms of eternal happiness on the morning of August 20, 1928.

On Saturday, Mrs. Holt left her home in Rocky Mount, N. C., to spend the following day with relatives in Raleigh. Within an hour after her arrival in Raleigh, she was stricken and ceased to breathe on Monday morning.

For several years "Tempe's" health had been a source of anxiety to her host of friends, but within the past year she had apparently improved; she was bright and happy at the reunion in Little Rock, and we rejoiced at her recovery.

Every honor has been hers that was in the power of the North Carolina Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy to bestow; she also served the general organization as Third Vice President General, and in this capacity broadened the scope of the work of the Children of the Confederacy and stimulated greater interest.

In 1925, Mrs. Holt was elected Custodian of Crosses, and no woman more conscientiously discharged the duties of her office, or felt it a more sacred trust to guard with care the confidence reposed in her.

Were I asked to express in three words the outstanding attribute of her character, I should write "Faithful unto death."

The United Daughters of the Confederacy mourn the loss of a loyal, devoted, conscientious officer, scores of the members a sincere friend, and the President General a loving, faithful, member of her official family.

She was laid to rest in the cemetery in her home town on the morning of August 21, a woman beloved by the entire city and community. The flowers placed on her casket in your name were not more redolent of fragrance than was her life of love, gentleness, and good will to all the world.

"If I had known, O loyal heart,
When hand in hand we said farewell,
How for all time our paths would part,
What shadow o'er our friendship fell,
I should have clasped your hand so close
In the warm pressure of my own,
That memory still would keep its grasp—
If I had known!"

Among the generation of Southern gentlewomen that is all too rapidly passing; there were two distinctive types. One, clad in lavender and old lace, we visualize as clinging

to the arm of her gray-clad husband, and knowing no greater burden than the waving of her dainty lace fan. The other, we dress in black velvet and diamonds. She has all the refinement, all the culture, all the elegance of her gentler sister, with perhaps greater intellect, greater decision of character, is a stronger personality. And this last type of the Southern gentlewoman at the summit of her glory was never more exquisitely exemplified than in Mildred Lewis Rutherford.

We recall Miss Rutherford as Historian General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and remember how she thrilled the audiences on Historical Evening. Her charming voice, choice English, delightful accent, and magnetic personality, held the crowd that assembled spellbound.

It is a memory to be cherished, together with the sweetness of her smile and the honor of her friendship.

The last expression of appreciation the United Daughters of the Confederacy may give for the services of those women who have been chosen as Honorary Presidents is to place upon their casket the flowers of remembrance. Through a series of unavoidable circumstances, no definite knowledge of the passing of Miss Rutherford, our beloved Honorary President, reached the President General until September 2. This is a source of great personal regret.

* * *

Greetings have come to you in the past month from two of your ex-Presidents General—Miss Mary B. Poppenheim writes, on July 26, from the steamship Lapland, extending her best wishes and regrets that she will not return prior to the convention in Houston. Mrs. Frank Harrold writes from Rome, Italy, and wishes each Daughter a happy summer, and expects to return in time for the convention.

In preparation for the convention, Houston, Tex., November 20-25, please note the following request from the Recording Secretary General: that correct rosters of Division and Chapter officers be sent promptly to the Corresponding Secretary General for publication in the Minutes, and that each Division show "number of Chapter and individual members" as required by Article XV, Section 2, of the By-Laws.

A most interesting communication has recently been received from the chairman of Southern Literature for Home and Foreign Libraries; Miss Hanna writes of a letter received from Dr. Payne, of Peabody College for Teachers, Nashville, Tenn., and of his splendid coöperation, as well as that of Washington and Lee, the University of North Carolina, and Emory College in Georgia.

Miss Hanna is sending a recent life of Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury to the Oxford collection, and she calls attention to the sending of a copy of our valuable CON-

FEDERATE VETERAN each month to Dr. Gobert, Louvain, Belgium, another of the many courtesies extended this organization by the editor of the magazine.

August 28 and 29 were spent in Rocky Mount and Wilson, N. C. Mrs. James Edwin Woodard, Woodard Circle, Wilson, N. C., graciously accepted the appointment of Custodian of Crosses to fill the unexpired term of Mrs. Holt. Mrs. Woodard met the President General in Rocky Mount, the property belonging to the office of Custodian was transferred to her, and she entered at once upon her duties.

I commend Mrs. Woodard to your favor. You will find her efficient, prompt, thoroughly capable.

Before leaving Rocky Mount, on Wednesday, the twenty-ninth, I visited the quiet, peaceful God's Acre, and, with thought of you whom she so tenderly loved, placed a basket of red and white gladioli on the grave of sweet Tempe Holt.

Standing by this new-made grave, I wondered what would be the message that I should carry with me to the convention in Houston, when we meet and miss her, and these lines appeared to me as what her thought might be:

"Keep us, O God, from pettiness, let us be large in thought, in word, in deed.

"May we put away all pretense, and meet each other face to face without self-pity and without prejudice.

"May we never be hasty in judgment, and always generous. Grant that we may realize it is the little things that create differences, that in the big things of life we are at one. And may we strive to touch and to know the great common woman's heart of us all; and, O Lord, let us not forget to be kind."

Sincerely,

MAUDE MERCHANT.

U. D. C. NOTES.

California—Under the leadership of Mrs. Milton L. Stannard, newly elected Division President, California is going forward in all things Confederate, with a steady and harmonious climb.

The Pacific Southwest Exposition at Long Beach honored the Confederacy by setting aside August 9 as "Confederate Day." The band played Southern airs, blending sweetly with the melody of the blue Pacific waters, Confederate colors were flying in the balmy ocean breeze, and the setting was one of genuine beauty.

The General Joe Wheeler Chapter was the hostess Chapter with Mrs. O. P. Hannah, President, and Mrs. W. M. Monroe, general chairman. Enough praise cannot be given this Chapter, with its competent leaders, who secured this day called "Confederate Day" and made it a splendid success.

At 12:30, the great dining room, with its beautifully decorated tables and Confederate colors, was filled with Daughters, Confederate veterans, and their friends. The cordial welcome extended by Mrs. Hannah, her delightful short talk and presentation of the Confederate veterans in a voice sweet with Southern accent, the historic messages from these fourteen Confederate veterans, and their tall, straight, and handsome Commander in Confederate uniform, standing like a "stonewall"—Commander S. S. Simmons, of the Pacific Coast Division U. C. V.—"carried us back to Old Virginia," and for the moment we forgot the Pacific Southwest Exposition and its twenty-seven nations waiting to welcome us.

In July, a most delightful afternoon was spent at the home of our Division President, Mrs. Milton L. Stannard, who entertained in honor of the seven Los Angeles Chapters. It

was an old-fashioned garden party, with loads of California watermelons and equally as many flowers, and notwithstanding the lure of mountains and the sea, the Daughters all came.

August 30, the Confederate veterans held their regular monthly meeting after vacation at the home of Mrs. W. H. Anderson, with the Robert E. Lee Chapter as hostess for the day.

[Mrs. Emma Wilson Whitlock, Editor.]

* * *

Georgia—The Georgia Division program for 1928 is one of the best of all the divisions. Each month a Georgia U. D. C., following this program, is refreshed with Southern loyalty and love.

The chairman, Mrs. Herbert M. Franklin, has done a fine work in selecting 1928 topics. She has served fifteen years as chairman of her State Historical program. Her long and capable service is worthy of special mention.

July 16 was observed as "Miss Millie's Birthday" by the Georgia Division as well as by the hundreds of "Lucy Cobb Girls" and other friends of Miss Rutherford. Flowers and other gifts, letters, telegrams, etc., by the score poured in every hour of the day as evidence of the great love and admiration for this great and noble woman. It will be a comforting thought to those who had a part in this, that her last days were made happy by this expression of their love and appreciation. On August 15 she passed into "the joys of her Lord."

Mrs. E. B. Williams reports from Atlanta as follows:

"In a beautiful natural grove on the grounds of the Burns Club, which is situated near the Confederate Soldiers Home of Georgia and on the spot where some of the hardest battles were fought during the battle of Atlanta in 1864, a barbecue was given in honor of the Confederate veterans of Georgia by Fulton Chapter, of Atlanta, on Saturday, July 21.

"Many distinguished guests were present, representatives of all the Confederate organizations, and the wonderful success of this annual affair was due to the efficiency of the committee in charge."

[Lena Felker Lewis, State Chairman.]

* * *

Louisiana—Louisiana Division is pleased that en route to Houston the U. D. C. will have a "stop-over" in New Orleans, November 17, and of this day a gala play-day will be made. Mrs. Charles Granger is named general chairman by Mrs. F. P. Jones, of Leesville, President of the division.

Others on the committee are: Mesdames John Kevlin, H. S. Riecke, James F. Terrell, E. L. Rugg, W. S. McDiarmid, all of New Orleans. Mrs. Granger is a Past President of the Louisiana Division and has attended seventeen general conventions, leading Louisianians in attendance.

Ex-officio members of the committee are Past Presidents of the division living in New Orleans, as follows: Mesdames P. J. Freidericks, Arthur Weber, F. C. Kolman, and Florence Tompkins. Mrs. Kolman, as Registrar General, is a member of the Credentials Committee, and Mrs. L. U. Babin, Past President of the Division, is chairman of the Credentials Committee. They must be in Houston by November 17, so will be absent from New Orleans on U. D. C. play-day.

A request is made by a Confederate veteran for the words of the song, "The Log Cabin in the Lane." His name and address follow: Mr. L. V. Landry, 507 Boyd Avenue, Baton Rouge, La.

North Carolina.—The Executive Board meets on Tuesday, October 9, in Greensboro, and the program of the thirty-second convention of North Carolina Division opens that evening with "greetings" from other patriotic societies and from the local Chapter. The Past Presidents of the Division will be presented, and the present President, Mrs. Walter F. Woodard, will make an address. The chief feature will be an address by Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, President General, which will be followed by a reception, a real "get together" of the "Daughters" from all over the State, carrying out the fifth and last object of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, "to cherish ties of friendship that bind us in one great organization."

The business sessions will be opened on Wednesday morning, October 10, with Mrs. Woodard presiding. Each of the five sections of the State will nominate a woman to serve on the nominating committee to present names of incoming officers to be elected by the convention. A visit to the historic site of the battle of Guilford Courthouse of Revolutionary days, will be of interest to the delegates.

The Division is rejoicing that ground was broken the middle of August for the Memorial Chapel at the Confederate Woman's Home near Fayetteville. Mrs. Charles Wallace is chairman of this undertaking and expects to have the dedication take place during October. Although looking forward to this convention, the Daughters feel keenly the loss of Mrs. R. P. Holt, who will be sadly missed. Her activities and love for the U. D. C. made her a valued member of this Division.

The President urges that all Chapters send in their county's rolls of honor to Miss Lucile Moore, Elm City, at once, so that North Carolina will have a complete record of her soldiers in the Richmond museum.

Mrs. Woodard also urges that relics and mementoes of the women of the sixties be sent at once to Mrs. John H. Anderson, now of Chapel Hill, to be placed in the Red Cross Museum in Washington City as a memorial to the Confederate women of the South. Old diaries or handiwork or anything pertaining to their sacrifice and ingenuity is wanted. This request was made at the last general convention, and a Director was appointed by the Division President to secure those mementoes from North Carolina.

The twenty-first annual reunion of the North Carolina Confederate veterans was even more enjoyable than anticipated, meeting in Tarboro, August 7 to 10. The Daughters of the William Dorsey Pender and the John L. Bridgers Chapters, of Edgecombe County, assisted the Camp in entertaining the visiting veterans and the official ladies. That prince of veterans, Samuel S. Nash, was the moving spirit of this reunion and stands out more than ever as one of North Carolina's most beloved "boys" of the Confederacy.

[Mrs. John H. Anderson, Editor.]

* * *

South Carolina.—The Wade Hampton statue which South Carolina is to place in Statuary Hall, Washington, D. C., has been completed by the famous sculptor, F. S. Ruckstuhl, at a cost of \$10,000, the legislature appropriating \$5,000, which was matched by \$5,000 raised by the South Carolina Division.

Mrs. T. J. Mauldin, representing the South Carolina Division, went to New York recently to pass on this statue. The figure is very lifelike, its poise and expression breathing out that unmatched spirit of the great Wade Hampton. The statue will be unveiled next March.

The Highway Commissioners of South Carolina and Georgia have given permission that the name of Jefferson Davis Memorial Bridge be given the present bridge connecting the two States along the Jefferson Davis Highway. A painted sign will designate the bridge for the time being. A permanent and more fitting bridge will be put there later, when a handsome bronze tablet will mark the South Carolina end.

The beautifying of that section of the highway that passes through South Carolina is having much attention.

Although summer is "vacation time," many of the Chapters have kept steadily on holding the regular meetings and there has been scarcely a Chapter which has not shown some attention to the beloved veterans, the source of their inspiration, and to the "Girls of the Sixties." Picnics and spend-the-day-parties have proved very enjoyable attentions.

The veterans at the Confederate Home in Columbia have been entertained by several of the Chapters with picnic spreads, and one good Daughter brought along from her famous peach orchard a great feast of this luscious fruit.

There are seventeen "Girls of the Sixties" now in the Confederate Home, and each had special attentions.

[Zene Payne, Editor.]

* * *

Virginia.—Dr. Fitzgerald Flournoy, professor at Washington and Lee University and a son of Mr. and Mrs. William Cabell Flournoy, was the orator at the Memorial Day exercises in Lynchburg. Dr. Flournoy held the U. D. C. scholarship at Washington and Lee University a number of years ago and made a remarkable record while a student there. He is one of the coming orators of the South and is well versed in its history. He is a Rhodes scholar and went to England this summer to receive his M.A. degree from that ancient institution of learning, Oxford University.

Memorial Day exercises have been held wherever there is a U. D. C. Chapter, and these were attended by large crowds. While the Chapters never fail to honor those who are sleeping their last sleep in some silent city of the dead, yet they are untiring in their efforts to bring comfort and cheer to those who remain.

Suffolk Chapter has elected new officers for the year and from every indication will send a splendid report to the convention, which will meet in Alexandria, in October.

Petersburg Chapter is doing a splendid historical work this year carrying out the historical program as planned by the State Historian. It is also coöperating along all lines to make the year's work a success.

Mrs. Frank Anthony Walke, President of Hope Maury Chapter, of Norfolk, was signally honored by the College of William and Mary by being asked to present the prize to the student sponsored by her Chapter, when he received his degree at this, the second oldest college in America. Mrs. Walke also presented the Matthew Fontaine Maury prize at the Naval Academy in Annapolis. This prize goes to the graduating midshipman who received the highest grade in physics.

[Mrs. Anne V. Mann, Editor.]

CREDENTIALS FOB HOUSTON CONVENTION.

The Credentials Chairman reports that credential papers are coming in rapidly, and Chapters generally are urged to forward such papers promptly in order to avoid the last minute rush. First papers came from North Carolina, followed by some from Texas, Alabama, and Massachusetts.

Faithfully yours,

MRS. L. U. BABIN, *Chairman.*

FOR HISTORIAN GENERAL, U. D. C.

The Executive Board of the South Carolina Division, U. D. C., has the honor of presenting the name of Miss Marion Salley, of Orangeburg, S. C., the President of the South Carolina Division, as a candidate for the office of Historian General, U. D. C., to succeed the incumbent, Mrs. John L. Woodbury, upon the expiration of her term of office when the general convention meets in Houston in November.

For the Executive Board: Mrs. Fred E. Culvern, Vice President, South Carolina Division; Mrs. L. Cottingham, Secretary, South Carolina Division.

"WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

Our official year is fast drawing to a close. Please remember that *no orders can be recorded for credit, 1927-28, after November 1*. It is impossible for your chairman to know whether or not a final report will be forthcoming at the Houston convention. Encouraging reports have been received from many of the Divisions. Every Division is fully aware that it is the earnest desire of the committee to close the work this year, and that our President General has emphasized the fact in every way. If it is not possible to make a final report, we have done our best. This call from the general organization is of long standing. The agreement was made at the St. Louis convention, in 1921, to distribute 10,000 copies of "Our Book," "Women of the South in War Times." There are so few delinquent Divisions, I do wish the vision would come to them and they would realize now that it is their privilege to see us across at Houston, also our hard luck to be held back by them. There is yet time for valuable work, but no time for delay.

Yours, anxiously awaiting,

MRS. EDWIN ROBINSON, *Chairman*.

Fairmont, W. Va.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.

MRS. JOHN H. WOODBURY, *Historian General*.

HISTORICAL STUDY FOR 1928.

U. D. C. Topic for October

Religion in the Army.

C. of C. Program for October.

Make a study of the port of Galveston, Tex.; tell where located, who founded it, who named it, and why so named; its connection with the history of the Confederacy; its population and principal industries in the sixties and now; what distinguished people were born there. Give a little story about it, either history or tradition, at any period of its history.

NEW EDITION OF HORTON'S HISTORY.

COMMENDED BY MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, HISTORIAN GENERAL,
U. D. C.

As the time for the opening of schools and colleges is here, it suggests to Chapter and State Historians an important part of their work, the placing of books in schools and other libraries.

It is a pleasure to recommend a book so available for supplementary reading as "A Youth's History of the War of 1861-65," by R. G. Horton. As a rule, the present generation of adults (my generation) did not study the period of the War between the States very much, or if they did, bitter feeling was aroused. The principal of a school I attended happened one day in the history class to note an enormous force credited to Pickett at Gettysburg. To the astonishment of both pupils and teachers, he said: "Now, that's a lie. If he had had that many, he would have gotten there." It will be well for those who have left school these many years to read this book.

The average school history, if not actually misleading, is of necessity so meager as to fail to give a real understanding. Historians are improving, but it is the spirit of the great army of school-teachers which has been our greatest help, as they have encouraged their pupils to do extra reading and to try to compare the statements of historians. All teachers will welcome the Horton history.

This history was written by Rushmore G. Horton, called a "Copperhead's" history, and appeared first about 1866-1868. It has many important facts which are not found in present-day histories, and these are presented with an evident desire to get at the truth. The book shows that the struggle was not as "sectional" as some would have it thought; but that thinking people, North and South, could, and did, sympathize with the fight for the liberties guaranteed under the Constitution of the United States. The new edition, revised by Miss Mary D. Carter and Lloyd T. Everett, is especially good. The editors have effaced themselves very completely and only appear when some few lines of explanation, made necessary by the passing of sixty years, are needed and inserted. No reader will have any difficulty in recognizing which is the original text and which the editorial part. A most valuable and interesting work of the editors is the compiling of several appendices. They are (a) Davis—the West, and Home Rule; (b) Taxes and Tomahawks, 1776-1861; (c) Davis, the Man; (d) Confederate (and kindred) Maxims; (e) General Lee after the War; (f) Summary of the Constitution of the Confederate States; (g) Lincoln-War; Why and How? (h) War Barbarities; (i) Results of the War.

Each of these is well worth while. Their plan is similar. They quote opinions from a wide range of authorities and the authority is always cited. The United Daughters of the Confederacy are accused of looking always and only backward. These appendices are right up to the present and should refute that idea in some degree. Personally, I enjoyed most "Davis—the West, and Home Rule"; and "Davis, the Man."

There is no bitterness in this book, but there is a great deal of courage. There is no taking things for granted, but every statement is verified. The organization should be grateful for this work, and should show its gratitude by placing copies in libraries everywhere.

The book is published by the Southern Publishing Company, Dallas, Tex. Price, \$1.25, postpaid.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

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All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to MRS. TOWNES RANDOLPH LEIGH, *Editor*, Gainesville, Fla.

IN APPRECIATION—MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.

My Dear Coworkers: In the passing of our beloved Historian General, Mildred Lewis Rutherford, we have sustained an irreparable loss, one whose ready pen and dependable assistance never failed when needed. But we sorrow not alone, for in every town and hamlet of the South, and from every point of the compass in this great country, wherever a loyal descendant of a Confederate soldier abides, there is sadness over the going home of one who oftentimes stood alone in her zealous defense of this people, and who was ever alert to discover and credit valuable historical facts which had failed of record.

Lofty in ideals, pure in Christian virtues, like the Vestal Virgins of old, she kept the fires of patriotism and courage, ever lighting the pathway of those less fortunate than she. Privileged to enjoy an unbroken friendship of twoscore years, no word of mine can express the sense of sorrow and overwhelming loss, as we think of carrying on without her wise counsel and assistance. "Many Daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

Let a monument be built to honor this peer of Southern womanhood, and let it be the outpouring of a people's love, a tribute to one who gave not only her life, but all her earthly possessions in order that the truthful story of a dear dead past should be given to the world. Resolutions have been prepared, and from each of her associates on the Board have come brief messages that speak the affection felt for her, beloved wherever she was known.

When the summons comes to each of us, may it find us as ready to answer, "Here, Lord, am I," as was this friend, and in the dawning of the morning of eternity, we shall meet again.

On behalf of the C. S. M. A., we acknowledge with sincere appreciation resolutions and sympathy expressed by Nashville Chapter No. 1, U. D. C., through Miss Edith Pope, President, in the loss sustained by this organization, which Miss Rutherford has served for the past ten years as Historian General, following a period of splendid service in the same position for our sister organization, the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Her devotion to the principles of each body was as loyal and true as the love of a mother for her daughter. We each serve the same cause in our joys and sorrows. Success for one cause means success for all.

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget

Faithfully and affectionately yours

MRS. A. McD. WILSON, *President General C. S. M. A.*

TRIBUTES OF LOVE AND RESPECT.

"To the past go more dear faces every year," but the loss of none has brought more sincere sorrow to the Confederated Southern Memorial Association than the going of our beloved Historian General, Miss Mildred Lewis Rutherford. This loss is felt by the entire Southland, whose interests, past and present, called forth her ever-ready pen. Her "Historical Notes" was a periodical giving the truths of history, an inspiration to our local associations and a revelation to the younger generation. "Though dead, she yet liveth," and her name is now added to the South's Immortals.

"The end of Birth is Death,
The end of Death is Life!"

—Sue H. Walker, *Second Vice President General C. S. M. A.*

In the passing of Miss Mildred L. Rutherford, Historian General C. S. M. A., the organization has sustained an irreparable loss and the Southern cause a faithful, unique historian. Her loving, genial spirit will be cherished and her "truths of history" preserved forever. We shall miss our dear Historian General, her happy inspirational spirit, and gracious presence. The cause has lost a friend whose place can never be filled.—Daisy M. L. Hodgson, *Recording Secretary General, C. S. M. A.*

In the passing of Miss Mildred Lewis Rutherford the South, the nation, and the lands across the sea will bow in reverent tribute to pay honor to one so universally recognized for her gifts of unselfish love and loyalty to the land she loved so well.—Mrs. Brayan Wells Collier, *Corresponding Secretary General.*

We shall meet and we shall miss you in our C. S. M. A., O wonderful Historian! I see you so cold, so white, so still. Though you have passed from the light which now is, you will never die.

As the years roll on, there will be lasting tributes to Miss Mildred Lewis Rutherford. The touch of summers in your

home and other dear associations is a precious, fadeless memory. Your untiring efforts, giving all; your heroic courage, your loyalty, your fearless fortitude, with a heart to dare, has done more than any one woman I know to establish with facts, without prejudice, the "Truths of History" of our grand old South, righting her to imperishable glory.—*Belle Allen Ross, Auditor General C. S. M. A.*

To Miss Mildred Lewis Rutherford, devoted daughter of the sixties, the whole South pays its tribute of sorrowing tears. Patriot, leader of youth, guardian of a people's hallowed history, she wears in death the ever green laurels of a matchless fame. To those, like myself, who were privileged to know her gentle but unfaltering leadership at beloved Lucy Cobb, the news of her death came with a sense of irreparable loss. To know her, was to love her. She was both great and good, high mentality, stern character, lovable consideration, and warmth of heart commingling in one fine soul, whose passing brings sorrow to us all.—*Mrs. L. D. T. Quimby, National Organizer, C. S. M. A.*

The sad news of the death of our beloved friend, Miss Mildred Lewis Rutherford, is very distressing, because of the loss of her highly prized companionship and because of the loss of her great usefulness to our sacred cause, the cause of education, and to every cause relating to the welfare of her beloved Southland. She will be sincerely missed by all who looked to her for guidance; but let us have faith in God that he will raise up some one to take her place and carry forward the great work of the causes she had so much at heart. . . . I join you with all my heart in the beautiful tribute to our beloved friend, "Miss Millie," which you are suggesting.—*Giles B. Cooke, Chaplain General, C. S. M. A.*

Miss Rutherford has gone, but her work will live on and on, for she has left a legacy to the world that no one can ever erase. Her loyalty to the cause soothed many an aching heart when they were so torn with the new ideas.—*Mrs. James R. Armstrong, State President, Oklahoma C. S. M. A.*

Miss Rutherford was a faithful steward of the talents her Master intrusted to her early young womanhood, which she guarded but to multiply as she walked and labored in earth's vineyard. Her influence of blessed memory will be her best and most lasting monument, for her life was full and rounded out in its perfection. It was filled with faith and love and hope, for Miss Millie was ever fair-minded, just, and courteous. She was a great scho'ar, a great teacher, a great woman, a Christian educator. Miss Millie has gone smiling, intrusting to her girls the accomplishment of her uncompleted tasks. "If each for whom she did some kindly service, as she neighbored day by day, were to plant a single flower in token of that service, myriads of buds would burst into bloom and sway like censors yielding incense in remembrance of her.—*Blanche Winfield Leigh (an old Lucy Cobb Girl), Florida State President C. S. M. A.*

SOUTHERN PINES.

Tall, somber, grim, they stand, with dusky gleams
Brightening to gold within the woodland's core,
Beneath the gracious noontide's tranquil beams—
But the weird winds of morning sigh no more.

A stillness, strange, divine, ineffable,
Broods round and o'er them in the wind's surcease;
And on each tinted copse and shimmering dell
Rests the mute rapture of deep-hearted peace.

—*Paul Hamilton Hayne.*

MEMORIAL RESOLUTIONS.

A silent hour has come to all the members of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association. Our beloved Historian General, Miss Mildred Rutherford, is dead.

Teacher, philosopher, historian, and lover, our Southland is the poorer that her pen is still, that her voice is hushed.

The past stretched before her as an open book, and in the press of present events about her, there was no compromise in her argument, no palliation in her conviction.

We shall miss the bright smile which, even in her months of suffering, she never lost; her happy intonations, and the yearly picture which she gave to us of "the gentlewoman of the sixties," that we might not forget.

The record of this splendid woman, both as a teacher of youth in her native State and a writer of Southern history, cannot be overestimated in its value to the South; therefore

Resolved: 1. That this Association feels keenly the loss of one whose place can never be filled, but whose work shall live after her in the hearts of her compatriots, more precious than marble, enduring as bronze.

2. That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this Association, and published in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and that a copy be sent to the bereaved family of our beloved Historian General.

VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE,
MRS. C. B. BRYAN,
MRS. JAMES R. ARMSTRONG,
Committee.

RESOLUTION PASSED AT THE LITTLE ROCK CONVENTION.

The following resolution was formulated by Capt. S. A. Ashe, of Raleigh, N. C., and amended by Maj. Giles B. Cooke, and unanimously adopted by the U. D. C. State convention in Winchester, Va., October, 1927, and by the C. S. M. A. in convention at Little Rock, Ark., May, 1928:

Whereas, Gen. Robert E. Lee, in March, 1864, in reply to a communication from the Secretary of War in regard to the papers found on the body of Colonel Dahlgren containing orders to burn the city of Richmond and to murder President Davis and his Cabinet, wrote: "I concur with you in thinking that a formal publication of these papers should be made under *official authority*, that our people and the world may know the character of the war our enemies wage against us, and the unchristian and atrocious acts they plot and perpetrate. I presume that the blood boils in the veins of every officer and man; but I think it better to do right, even if we suffer in so doing, than to incur the reproach of our conscience and of posterity"—such being the foundation of his character and the basis of his actions; and, whereas, when offered a salary of fifty thousand dollars virtually to allow the use of his name in connection with some entirely legitimate business, he declined; and, whereas there is now a proposition to utilize his name with the view of commercial benefit, a suggestion that if living he would certainly disapprove; and, whereas it is our duty to protect his good name and maintain for it the high standard of his life and character, believing that were he here he would never consent to the use of his name as proposed; therefore be it

Resolved, That we regard the proposition to call an institution in Kansas City "The Lincoln and Lee University" as being an unwarranted use of Lee's stainless name; and that, if living, he would regard it *in every aspect* as very improper; and as he is no longer with us to manifest his disapprobation, we feel in duty bound to protest against it.

Sons of Confederate Veterans

EDMOND R. WILES, COMMANDER IN CHIEF, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

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All communications for this department should be sent direct to J. R. Price, Editor, 419-20 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La.

A CALL TO ARMS!

To Department, Division, Brigade, and Camp Commanders.

After having served the last two weeks of August on active military duty with my regiment at Camp Pike, I came back to my business with the impression uppermost in my mind that if, as Commander in Chief, I had the power to order out for two weeks' recruiting duty, any time this fall, every Son upon whose shoulders rested the responsibility of making a satisfactory showing in the way of increased membership, greater enthusiasm and devotion to our cause in his jurisdiction, there would be no question as to the result.

Summer has passed, and the most delightful season of the year is upon us. The perspective has changed. I am appealing to you as never before to "enlist" for a real campaign for new members and reinstatement of old. The life—the very existence, in fact—of the Sons' organization depends upon what is done by those who have received from their comrades positions of honor and trust in promoting new Camps and materially increasing the membership before the reunion in Charlotte next May. We must not fail; we will not fail. The loss in membership last year, I regret to say, was about fifteen per cent. Now this must be made up, and we must show an increase of twenty-five per cent. There is nothing that succeeds like success. No one is interested in a loser. Let's not be classed with the latter. Call a meeting of your Camp at once, Camp Commanders, and get busy writing applications. Comrades of the Departments and Divisions, get in touch at once with your forces. Our battle cry will be this coming year: "*A Forty Per Cent Increase in Membership.*"

As Commander in Chief, I hope to visit all Division reunions and conventions. I am planning to attend the Texas reunion at Tyler on the 3rd of October, and the Florida reunion at Jacksonville later in the month. I am counting on you. Don't fail me.

Faithfully yours,

EDMOND R. WILES,
Commander in Chief, S. C. V.

NEW CAMPS.

Under the administration of Commander in Chief Wiles, five new Camps, Sons of Confederate Veterans, have been organized in Arkansas. Comrade C. E. Gilbert, Assistant Adjutant in Chief, was the organizer of these Camps.

Camp William E. Moore, Helena, Ark., was organized with twenty-seven members. The officers are: Commander, T. W. Lewis; First Lieutenant Commander, James T. Horner; Second Lieutenant Commander, John W. King; Adjutant, Frank E. Haden; Treasurer, Robert Gordan, Jr.; Quartermaster, L. A. Fitzpatrick; Judge Advocate, Judge John I. Moore; Surgeon, W. C. Russworm; Historian, A. C. Hungarland; Color Sergeant, T. E. Tappen; Chaplain, E. D. Robertson.

The Jesse N. Cypert Camp at Searcy, Ark., has twenty-two charter members. The officers are: Commander, J. M. Williams; First Lieutenant Commander, T. L. Harder; Second Lieutenant Commander, Cul. L. Pearce; Adjutant, R. L. Smith; Treasurer, T. A. Watkins; Quartermaster, Ira J. Golden; Judge Advocate, W. H. Bell; Surgeon, A. G. Harrison; Historian, Eugene Cypert; Color Sergeant, J. B. Cypert; Chaplain, L. E. Moore, Sr.

The Colonel Snavel Camp, Batesville, Ark., has fourteen members. The officers are: Commander, Edgar W. Young; First Lieutenant Commander, Dr. G. H. Briggs; Second Lieutenant Commander, W. O. Pence; Adjutant, Oscar T. Jones; Treasurer, John A. Whaley; Quartermaster, C. A. Barnett; Judge Advocate, Ernest Neill; Surgeon, J. D. Pounders; Historian, Sidney Pickens; Color Sergeant, Louis W. McDonald; Chaplain, W. C. Davidson.

The Camp at Newport, Ark., known as Camp Fagan, has a membership of nineteen. The officers are: Commander, A. G. Stedman; First Lieutenant Commander, John E. Williams; Second Lieutenant Commander, H. U. Williamson; Adjutant, Ed. Baum; Treasurer, C. C. Dean; Quartermaster, Abe Ballow; Judge Advocate, O. D. Watson; Surgeon, C. R. Gray; Historian, A. C. Wilkerson; Color Sergeant, Z. A. Campbell; Chaplain, R. C. Harden.

The J. R. Norfleet Camp, recently organized at Forrest City, Ark., has a membership of twelve. The officers of

this Camp are: Commander, J. T. Sanders; First Lieutenant Commander, Charles R. Izard; Second Lieutenant Commander, R. C. Eldridge; Adjutant, M. B. Norfleet, Jr.; Color Sergeant, Fenner Laughinghouse; Treasurer, A. C. Bridewell; Quartermaster, L. F. Haven; Historian, G. W. Christian; Chaplain, J. E. McJunkin.

FUTURE ACTIVITIES.

(REPORT OF JOHN HALLBERG, COMMANDING TENNESSEE DIVISION.

(Continued from September Number)

AFFILIATION WITH OTHER PATRIOTIC SOCIETIES.

We are one of the many patriotic societies in these United States of America. The importance we attach to our "place in the sun" of public opinion, is measured by the interest we assume in affiliating with those other societies when they are called together for community celebration. It is discouraging to the progress of our organization to fail to have representation at these public affairs. Coöperate and affiliate at all times with a full and complete willingness of spirit and interest. We can only grow by being large enough to serve the community in which we live.

PUBLICITY.

This is the age of publicity. Publicity is the medium through which the thoughts and habits of the world are changed. Tremendous good or tremendous evil is the result of this great giant of modern progress. By it, truth turns darkness into light. By it incorrect opinion and false impressions are brought into life.

Publicity not only means the press, but includes moving pictures, books, magazines, telephone, telegraph, the pulpit, schools, politics, and every form in which society moves and lives.

Well-directed publicity of the right character is vitally necessary to the success of our organization. We must have it. Our bread depends on it. Every Camp should have a publicity committee whose sole purpose should be to draw and hold the attention of the American people. Before the American people our aims, endeavors, future plans should be placed. The great powers behind all these forms of publicity are all friendly to us and our cause. We must use such golden assets if we expect to advance.

DEFINITE AIM.

A definite aim must be inaugurated. An aim to grow. Large in members; strong in influence. We should enter the channels of public service and do so with decided strength. The Sons of Confederate Veterans have leadership, organization, and all the required talents in their ranks which are necessary to properly function and take a leading part in programs of local and general interest. We have only to awaken interest and concentrate our efforts and the object or definite aim can be "put over."

REPORTS.

Reports are reports. Strong reason backs up the necessity of a report. What could Commander in Chief Pershing do without his administration headquarters? What use would the administration headquarters be to him without reports? Reliable reports constitute the cause and effect of success. So it is with our organization. Intimate knowledge and actual conditions are of first importance to those whose shoulders are burdened with responsibility.

OUR FLAG.

We all believe in our flag. We believe in its emblem, its colors, its stars, and its bars. But do we place as high value on our flag as the boys who wore the gray jacket and followed it through the dust and smoke of war? In those days there was no place in Dixie for the heart which did not love that flag, nor was there any peace or comfort for the life that would not defend that flag.

Have you observed the respect accorded "Old Glory" by the nation's people? Have you ever seen flag ceremonies in France or any other European nation?

We all respect our flag, but let us show our colors. Let us use our flag in our parades and use it in our meetings. That is the purpose for which it was made.

LEGISLATIVE COMMITTEE.

Each Division and Camp should appoint a legislative committee whose duty it should be to attend the sessions of all Confederate measures. This committee should operate in conjunction with committees of like nature appointed from other Confederate societies.

Money can be secured from two sources. First, from individuals, and, second, from political divisions, such as States, counties, and cities, or municipalities. This committee should function before all these groups. The interest and influence of the Camps should be brought to bear upon the local representative of the groups.

Appropriations are extremely hard to secure. Governors are reluctant to increase their estimate on their States's running expense by adding other appropriations for which they have made no allowance. County and city authorities take the same view and usually a fight is necessary to secure the projects or appropriations which we must have. This legislative committee should lead these fights.

HISTORICAL PROGRAMS.

Historical programs of instructive interest should be held on special occasions. The records of our peerless military generals hold high rank in the school of the soldier in every country of the world. The strategic importance of military movements of our generals against overwhelming odds of men and supplies have placed these men in a field of distinction singularly alone. The Southern people and the Southern armies experienced no calamities in the search for an efficient commander in chief. When General Johnston was wounded, the command fell from efficient hands into the efficient hands of Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson. When, on that fateful 2nd of May, at Chancellorsville, Stonewall Jackson, of military fame and pure Christian atmosphere was so desperately wounded and later crossed over the river to lie down amid the shade of the trees—when we lost Jackson, the command of the Southern armies continued in the efficient hands of Robert E. Lee to the end of the war. No ceaseless changing of commanders in chief took place in the Confederate government.

The impetuous dash, magnificent strategy and organizing military powers displayed by such men as Davis, Lee, Jackson, Joseph E. Johnston, Longstreet, Gordon, Forrest, Wheeler, Albert Sidney Johnston, Beauregard, and others, will furnish inspiration for poets and authors yet unborn. The work of these men at Manassas, Chickamauga, Gettysburg, Shiloh, and a hundred other battle fields commanded worldwide recognition. Their records afford us the highest character of material for our historical programs.

(Continued in November)

CORSE'S BRIGADE.

(Continued from page 371)

Corse's Brigade, as such, never crossed the Potomac. Several of the regiment composing it had been in the Sharpsburg campaign the year before. I have copied most of this article from a book called "Pickett's Men," written by Walter Harrison, A. A. and Inspector General of Pickett's Division, which I think every member of Pickett's Division should have and hand down to his children.

It may be of interest to know that very soon after Corse's Brigade left the bridges, a raiding party from Fortress Monroe, commanded by Colonel Spears, attacked a very small force at the South Anna bridge, defended by a company of North Carolina soldiers, and after a desperate struggle succeeded in burning it. An account of this defense was well described in the *VETERAN* some time ago. As to the remnant of Pickett's Division, the next day after the fight, Harrison says he could not muster a thousand muskets. Comrade Easley would enjoy reading Harrison's book. He might get a copy from the Virginia State Library by writing to Dr. McIlwaine, Librarian, and giving county judge or his representative in the legislature as his reference.

THE CITY OF VICKSBURG.

(Continued from page 385)

she says: "Saturday night, about midnight, we heard distant rumblings; ominous sounds they were at the dead hour of night, the roar of artillery wagons, and soon came the rumor that the Confederates were retreating and that Vicksburg had fallen.

"Later.—Still no news, after more than six weeks, of my family. Two telegraph operators brought a message from General Grant that my father wished me to come to Vicksburg with General McArthur's Division, which would move in a few days.

"The officers were very kind to me. One colonel asked me to ride at the head of his regiment, and brought a horse and side-saddle. I was, however, not so foolish as to travel in that unsuitable manner. I accepted a seat in an ambulance in charge of Dr. Beach, of Ohio. Dressed in my forty-dollar calico, and wearing a huge shaker bonnet, I bade my sister and her family adieu, and took my seat in the ambulance. Two soldiers, too sick to march, lay on the floor of the ambulance, and two officers sat on the front seat. The driver had his little jokes and stories of life in Scotland to enliven the ride, and the officers were entertaining. The surgeon, riding beside us would occasionally look in to ask if he could do anything for my comfort. All were trying to make my journey as pleasant as possible. There were many queer sights by the way. I recall particularly the negro women following the army, carrying all their possessions on their heads. At night, when a halt was made, I was escorted by the captain to the nearest house, where he requested that I be given lodging, saying he would pay for it. My supper and breakfast were brought in on a large silver waiter by a soldier, and there was black coffee in a handsome silver urn. The silver had probably been taken from the house of some rich Southerner.

"In the early gray of the morning, indeed before, by two A.M., the reveille and a tap on my door by a soldier would rouse me, and after a hurried toilet I was ready for breakfast, and we were moving again. It is a picture and a memory I want to keep. The freshness of the morning air, the music

from the various bands, the novelty of the situation, and the youthful eyes through which I saw it all.

"Two days I traveled in this way and then I heard that Mrs. Baum, of Vicksburg, and her two children were along somewhere. I gladly had her hunted up and much to my delight, she was pleased to give me a seat in her ambulance. In the afternoon there came a terrific thunder shower, and while the rain was coming down in torrents, the lightning nearly blinding us and the thunder terrifying, we had to cross Big Black River on a pontoon bridge, and then ascend one of the steepest hills I ever saw. Such cries to the poor dumb beasts to urge them forward. Such slipping and sliding in the Mississippi mud. I shut my eyes. Rain dripped down from the top of the ambulance and fell on my Shaker bonnet, wilting it most decidedly; my face was dirty from the never-failing dust that an army stirs up and the water was running down my cheeks and the dust gave it a mottled appearance I did not look like a reigning belle just then.

"After much tribulation we reached the General's tent, where we were invited in to dine. I remember feeling uncomfortable as I took my seat among those gay young Federal staff officers, and I have no doubt that they had some fun at my appearance.

"My mother and brother had remained for three days at our home after the siege begun. She told me that she and the two house servants sat most of the time in the chimney corner where the bullets might not strike them. Meanwhile, our carriage driver and others of our colored men were digging a cave in the side of a hill in the valley some distance back of the house.

"Here, in this miserable cave, a blanket strung across the opening, with her trunk and a rocking-chair, all her possessions available there, my father found her. Later by General Grant's personal direction, they were moved further back and stayed in a negro cabin. Uncle Robert Shirley had requested a Union soldier, a friend of his—Mr. Eaton—to hunt up the family and give them aid if they needed it. Mr. Eaton found them there and also found a wife in the girl who made the journey with the Federal army to Vicksburg."

MANASSAS.

(These lines were found in an old scrapbook, written for the semi-Centennial anniversary of the battle, June 21, 1911:)

I am dreaming, I am dreaming
Of the men so true and brave,
Of the loyal, patriot privates,
Filling many a lonely grave;
Of the mountain cabin lonely,
Of the widow, fatherless child,
Of the true, untrammelled spirits
Which still haunt our fastnesses wild.

Cease our dreaming, cease our dreaming,
Let us up and emulate
The brave examples that went before us,
Striving for our Mother State;
For her honor, for her glory,
That they be fore'er as of yore,
Ye who weave her woof and story,
Follow, heed those who went before.

—Annie R. Chalmers.

CREATION.

If I had an acre of land—
 O an acre of land!
 Within cry of the hills, the high hills,
 And the sea and the sand,
 And a brook with its silvery voice—
 I would dance and rejoice!

I would build a small house on my
 land—
 So I would, a small home!
 Within call of the woods, the high woods,
 Within flight of the foam!
 And O, I would dig, I would delve,
 Make a world by myself!

O I would keep pigs and some hens,
 And grow apples and peas:
 All things that would multiply, flowers
 For my hive of striped bees—
 If I had an acre of land!
 Life should spring from my hand!
 —Hamish Maclaren.

A BOY'S LETTER.—A small boy was told that he must write to his grandmother a letter of sympathy on the death of her husband.

This was the letter, adorned with many blots, that eventually arrived:

"Dear Grandma:—What a pity about poor Grandpa! Please send me some stamps. There is a new boy here who squeaks if I hit him.—With love, from Roger."—*Canadian American.*

THE CHILDREN'S SONG.

Land of our birth, we pledge to thee
 Our love and toil in the years to be,
 When we are grown and take our place
 As men and women with our race.

Father in heaven who lovest all,
 O help thy children when they call;
 That they may build from age to age,
 An undefiled heritage.

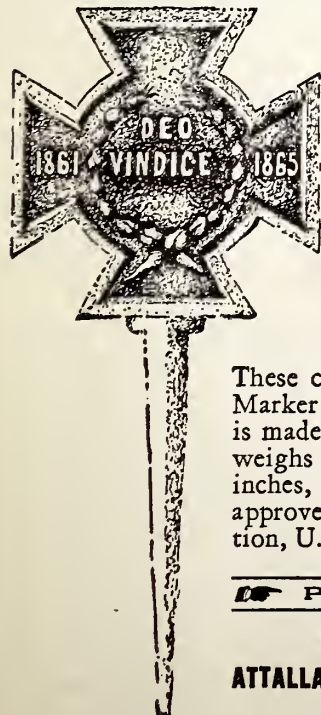
Teach us to bear the yoke in youth
 With steadfastness and careful truth,
 That, in our time, thy grace may give
 The truth whereby the nations live.

Teach us to rule ourselves alway,
 Controlled and cleanly night and day;
 That we may bring, if need arise,
 No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

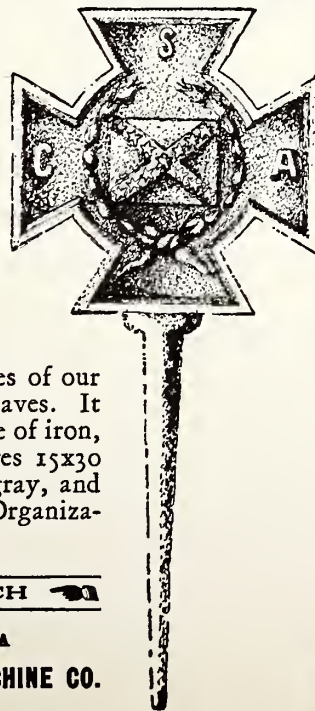
Land of our birth, our faith, our pride,
 For whose dear sake our fathers died;
 O motherland, we pledge to thee,
 Head, heart, and hand through the
 years to be!

—Rudyard Kipling.

One of the best men of the old Stonewall Brigade was an old railroad man, and on being asked how war compared to railroading, he said: "Well, the life of a soldier is pretty rough, but it has one advantage over railroading." "What is that," was asked. "'Taint near so dangerous," said the man of the rail.—*The Southern Bivouac.*



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General Buford, of Kentucky, was a turf man, and his forcible expressions were naturally of the "horse" order. At Perryville, his brigade received its baptism of fire, and in one of the preliminary skirmishes he ordered Captain J to "oblique his company to the right." Misinterpreting the order, the captain was leading his company to the left when the General yelled out: "Captain, I told you to oblique your company to the right. If you don't know what I mean by 'right oblique,' then gee them, sir, gee them!"—*The Southern Bivouac.*

"The best thing for you to do," said the doctor, "is to give up smoking, drinking anything but water at your meals, late hours—" "Wait," entreated the patient; "what's the next best thing?"—*Answers.*

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